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THE
Poetical Works
of
ROBERT BURNS.



*There's a wee bit o' sweet a' hither
An' a wee bit o' waird in the distance.*

(Edin.)

Published by Oliver & Boyd



THE
Poetical Works
OF
ROBERT BURNS

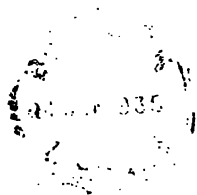
To which is prefixed,
THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.



EDINBURGH:
Published by OLIVER & BOYD, High Street

1816.

10.



LIFE
OF
ROBERT BURNS.

ROBERT BURNS, the subject of these memoirs, was born on the 25th January, 1759, on the banks of Doon, about two miles from Air, near to which stand the ruins of Alloway Kirk, now celebrated by his admirable tale of *Tam o' Shanter*.

His father, William Burns, originally from Kincardineshire, after serving in a variety of situations, at last settled in Airshire as a gardener; but soon afterwards turned farmer. He maintained a very respectable character. In 1757, he married Agnes Brown. Robert was the first-born of this marriage. He was sent to school when about six years old, where he was taught to read English, and write a little; and at the age of eleven he had arrived at great proficiency. He was taught the rudiments of arithmetic by his father, in the winter evenings. He thus writes of his early days, in his letter to Dr Moore, "At those years I was by no means a favourite with any body.—I was a

years of age, I was a critic in substantive and participles.—In my infant and boyish days I owed much to an old woman who resided in my family, remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition. She had, I suppose, the best collection in the country, of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, lights, wraiths, apparitions, cattraips, giant, charmed towers, dragons, and other traditions. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry, and had so strong an effect on my imagination, that, at this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I soon keep a sharp look out in suspicious places, though nobody can be more sceptical than I in such matters, yet it often takes an effort of philosophy to shake off these idle terrors.”

Young Burns had now acquired a great proficiency for reading, and eagerly perused whatever book fell in his way ; but still he had not

tion, and to be more of the wit than Robert. "Robert's face was generally grave, and expressive of a serious, contemplative, and thoughtful mind.—Gilbert's face said, *Mirth with thee I mean to live!*—and certainly, if any person, who knew the two boys, had been asked which of them was the most likely to court the Muses, he would surely never have supposed that Robert had a propensity of that kind."

The first circumstance which induced our youthful poet to warble his "wild, artless notes," is very interesting, on account of the elegant simplicity which distinguishes the following description of his harvest partner: "She was a bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass. In short, she altogether, unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence, and luke-warm philosophy, I hold to be *the first of human joys, our dearest blessing* here below. Indeed, I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from our labours; why the tones of her voice made my heart-strings thrill like an *Æolian harp*; and particularly, why my pulse beat such a furious ratan, when I looked and fingered over her little hand, to pick out the cruel nettle stings and thistles.

"Thus," says he, "with me began love and poetry; which at times have been my only, and till within the last twelve months, my highest enjoyment.

a brush, I went to a country among
father had an unaccountable antipathy ag
these meetings, and my going was, what to
moment I repent, in opposition to his w
My father was subject to strong passions ;
that instance of disobedience in me, he took
like to me, which, I believe, was one cause
dissipation which marked my succeeding
I say dissipation, comparatively with the
ness, and sobriety, and regularity of presby
country life ; for though the will-o'-wisp m
of thoughtless whim were almost the sole
of my path, yet early engrained piety and
kept me several years afterwards within th
of innocence. The great misfortune of n
was to want an aim. I had felt early some
ings of ambition, but they were the blind gr
of Homer's Cyclops round the walls of his
I saw my father's situation entailed on me
tual labour. The only two openings, by w

view in life, with a strong appetite for sociability, as well from native hilarity, as from a pride of observation and remark; a constitutional melancholy, or hypochondriasm, that made me fly solitude; add to these incentives to social life, my reputation for bookish knowledge, a certain wild logical talent, and strength of thought, something like the rudiments of good sense, and it will not seem surprising that I was generally a welcome guest where I visited, or any great wonder that always where two or three met together, there was I among them. But far beyond all other impulses of my heart, was *un penchant a l' adorable moitice du genre humain*. My heart was completely tinder, and was eternally lighted up by some goddess or other; and as, in every other warfare in this world, my fortune was various, sometimes I was received with favour, and sometimes I was mortified with a repulse. At the plough, scythe, or reaping-hook, I feared no competitor, and thus I set absolute want at defiance; and as I never cared farther for my labours than while I was in actual exercise, I spent the evenings in a way after my own heart."

About a twelvemonth previous to the death of his father, Burns, who had then attained his twenty-fourth year, became anxious to be fixed in a situation to enable him to marry. His brother Gilbert and he had for several years held a small portion of land from their father, on which they chiefly raised flax. In disposing of the produce of their labour, our Author took it into his head

consisting of 118 acres, at L.90 per
was stocked by the property and ind
ings of the whole family, and was a j
The allowance to the two brothers w
annum each ; and for four years, at
well as during the period of seven ye
with his father at Lochlea, his exper
in any year exceeded his income.
ance and frugality were every thing
wished.

“ I entered on this farm,” says o
his letter to Dr Moore, “ with a fu
come, go to, I will be wise ! I read fa
I calculated crops ; I attended mark
short, in spite of *the devil, and the t
flesh*, I believe I should have been
but the first year, from unfortunatel
seed, and the second from a late ha
half our crops. This overset all my
the day to his summit.

his earliest productions, along with the other beauties of Mauchline.

“ Miss Miller is fine ; Miss Markland's divine ;
Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Beattie is brow ;
There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,
But Armour's the jewel for me, o' them a'.”

To add to his misfortunes, her parents refused their consent to his marriage ; and being thus every way unsuccessful, in the greatest distress of mind, he resolved to leave his country.

He had been offered the situation of an overseer in Jamaica : but previous to his setting off, he was advised to publish a volume of his poems by subscription. With the first fruits of his poetical labours, he had paid his passage, and purchased a few articles of clothing, &c. His chest was already on the way to Greenock, when a letter from Dr Blacklock, signifying his approbation of the Poems, and an assurance that Burns would meet with encouragement in Edinburgh for a second edition, completely changed his intentions.

Soon after his arrival in Edinburgh, his Poems procured him the admiration of all conditions. Persons of rank and power were not above taking notice of him ; and, in a short time, the name of Burns was celebrated over all the kingdom. It ought here to be mentioned to his honour, that he had been in Edinburgh only a few months, and was still in the midst of poverty, when he erected a monument in the Canongate Church-yard to the

gested to him the necessity of seeking a permanent establishment.

Having settled with his publisher, in February 1788, Burns found himself nearly five hundred pounds, after deducting his expenses. Two hundred pounds were immediately advanced to his brother Gilbert, taken upon himself the support of his father, and was struggling with many other difficulties on the farm of Mossgiel. With the proceeds of this sum, and some farther eventual sale of his Poems, he determined on settling in life in the occupation of agriculture, and purchased the farm of Dalswinton, the farm on the banks of the river Nith, six miles from Dumfries, to which he removed in 1788. Having been previously recommended to the Board of Excise, his name had been on the list of candidates for the humble

as, the labours of the farmer with the duties of the exciseman.

When Burns had in this manner arranged his plans for futurity, his generous heart turned to the object of his most ardent attachment, and listening to no considerations, but those of honour and affection, he joined with her in a public declaration of marriage; thus legalizing their union, and rendering it permanent for life.

It was not convenient for Mrs Burns to remove immediately from Airshire, and our poet therefore took up his residence alone at Ellisland, to prepare for the reception of his wife and children, who joined him towards the end of the year.

It is to be lamented, that, at this critical period of his life, our poet was without the society of his wife and children. A great change had taken place in his situation; his old habits were broken; and the new circumstances in which he was placed, were calculated to give a new direction to his thoughts and conduct. But his application to the cares and labours of his farm was interrupted, by several visits to his family in Airshire; and as the distance was too great for a single day's journey, he generally spent a night at an inn on the road. On such occasions, he sometimes fell into company, and forgot the resolutions he had formed. In a little while temptation assailed him nearer home.

His fame naturally drew upon him the attention of his neighbours, and he soon formed a general acquaintance in the district in which he lived.

dale, with welcome, with kindness, and respect. Their social parties too offer him from his rustic labours and his re-
overthrew the unsteady fabric of his re-
and inflamed those propensities, which te-
might have weakened, and prudence i-
suppressed. It was not long, therefor
Burns began to view his farm with dislik-
pudence, if not with disgust.

Unfortunately, he had for several yea-
to an office in the excise, as a certain
livelihood, should his other expectations
has already been mentioned, he had be-
mended to the Board of Excise, and ha-
the instructions necessary for such a situ-
now applied to be employed; and, by tl
of Mr Graham of Fintry, was appointe
man, or, as its is vulgarly called, gaug
district in which he lived. His farm
this in a great measure. abandoned to

He had scarcely begun to recover from this shock, when he again became the victim of a severe rheumatic fever. As soon as he was able to venture abroad, he was advised to try the effect of sea-bathing. For this purpose, about the end of June 1796, he went to Brow, on the shore of Solway Frith, where he continued about three weeks without reaping any advantage. On his return to Dumfries, he was seized with a new attack of the fever, which terminated the life and sufferings of this great, but ill-requited genius, on Thursday, the 21st of July, 1796, in the thirty-eight year of his age.

Though Burns died in very indigent circumstances, yet his integrity and honest pride, with the frugality, industry, and prudence of Mrs Burns, prevented him from running into debt. Soon after his death a subscription was opened for his widow and children, in most of the principal cities of the United Kingdoms, by which a considerable fund was raised. The profits arising from Dr Currie's valuable edition of his Works, in four large volumes, were also devoted to the same charitable purpose. An annuity has thus been procured for the widow, which will enable her to bring up her children in a way suitable to the condition of their worthy father.

DEDICATION.

TO THE
NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN
OF THE
CALEDONIAN HUNT.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

A SCOTTISH BARD, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his Country's service—where shall he so properly look for patronage, as to the illustrious names of his native land; those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their Ancestors? The Poetic Genius of my Country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the *Plough*; and threw her inspiring *mantle* over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes, and rural pleasures of my native soil, in my native tongue: I tuned my wild, artless notes, as she inspired.—She whispered me to come to this ancient Metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Songs under your honoured protection: I now obey her dictates.

THOUGH much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favours; that path is so hackneyed by prostituted Learning, that honest Rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this Address with the venal soul

Despondency, an Ode.....
 Winter, a Dirge.....
 The Cotter's Saturday Night.....
 Man was made to mourn, a Dirge.....
 A Prayer in the Prospect of Death.....
 Stanzas on the same Occasion.....
 Verses left at a Friend's House.....
 To a Mountain Daisy.....
 To Ruin.....
 To Miss Logan.....
 Epistle to a Young Friend.....
 On a Scotch Bard, gone to the West
 To a Haggis.....
 Dedication to Gavin Hamilton, Esq.
 To a Louse.....
 Address to Edinburgh.....
 Epistle to J. Lapraik, an old Scottish
 To the same
 Obituary.....

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now western winds, and sought ri
Ny Nannie, O
Green grow the Rashes, a Fragmen
Again rejoicing Nature sees
The gloomy night is gath'ring fast
From thee, Eliza, I must go
The Farewell to the Brethren of S
Lodge, Tarbolton
No Churchman am I for to rail and
The Jolly Beggars

POEMS,
CHIEFLY SCOTTISH.

THE TWA DOGS,

A TALE.

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' *Auld King Cod*,
Upon a bonny day in June,
When wearing through the afternoon,
Twa dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him *Cæsar*,
Was keepit for his Honour's pleasure ;
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for cod.

His lockit, letter'd, braw brass collar,
Shew'd him the gentleman and scholar ;
But though he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride, nae pride had he ;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin
Ev'n wi' a tinkler gypsey's messin ;
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, though e'er sae duddie,

Was made lang syne, — Lord!

He was a gash and faithfu'
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt fi
Aye gat him friends in ilk a pl
His breast was white, his tou
Weet chad wi' coat o' glossy l
His gawcie tail, wi' upward c
Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a s

Nae doubt but they were fa
And unco pack and thick theg
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'
Whyles mice and moudiewort
Whyles scour'd awa in lang e
And worry'd ither in diversior
Until wi' daffin weary grown,
Upon a knowe they sat them c
And there began a lang digre:
About the *lords o' the creation*

And when the gentry's life I saw,
 What way poor bodiee liv'd ava.

Ours laird gets in his racket reats,
 His coals, his kinn, and a' his steats:
 He rises when he likes himsel;
 His fankies answer at the bell;
 He ca's his coach; he ca's his horse;
 He draws a heavy silken purse,
 As lang's my tail, whare, through the steeks,
 The yellow letter'd Gaerdie keeks.

Præe morn to e'en it's naught but tilling,
 At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
 And though the gentry first are steekin,
 Yet e'en the ha' fock fill their pechen
 Wi' sauce, ragouts, and sielike trasherie,
 That's little short o' downright wusterie.
 Our whipper-in, wee blastit wunner,
 Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner
 Better than ony tenant man
 His Honour has in a' the lan':
 And what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
 I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cansar, whyles their fash't enough;
 A cottar hewkin in a sheugh,
 Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,
 Baring a quarry and sielike,
 Himsel', a wife, he thus sustains,
 A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,
 And naught but his han' darg, to keep
 Them right and tight in thack and reaps.

And buirdly chiels, and clever nix
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CESAR.

But then, to see how ye're neglect
How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disre-
L—d man, our gentry care sae lit
For delvers, ditchers, and sic catt
They gang as saucy by poor fock,
As I wad by a stinking brock.

I've notic'd, on our Laird's cou
And mony a time my heart's been
Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's a
He'll stamp and threaten, curse a
He'll apprehend them, poind their
While they maun stan', wi' aspec
And hear it a', and fear and trem
I see how fock live that has riche
But surely poor fock maun be wre

Then chance and fortune are sae guided,
 They're aye in leas or mair provided ;
 And tho' fatigued wi' close employment,
 A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
 Their grushie weans and faithfu' wives ;
 The prattling things are just their pride,
 That sweetens a' their fire-side.

And whyles twalpeeny worth o' nappy,
 Can mak the bodies unco happy ;
 They lay aside their private cares,
 To mind the Kirk and State affairs :
 They'll talk o' patronage and priests,
 Wi' kindling fury in their breasts ;
 Or tell what new taxation's comin,
 And ferlie at the fock in *Low'on*.

As bleak'd fac'd Halloween returns,
 They get the jovial, rantin kirms,
 When *rural life*, o' every station,
 Unite in common recreation ;
 Love blinks, Wit slaps, and social Mirth,
 Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
 They bar the door on frosty win's ;
 The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
 And sheds a heart-inspiring steam ;
 The lunting pipe, and sneesbing mill,
 Are handed round wi' right gude will ;
 The canty auld focks cracking crouse,
 The young aunes rantin through the house.—
 My heart has been sae fain to see them,
 That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

O' decent, honest, law-abiding
Are riven-out-baith root and branch
Some rascal's prideful' greed to qu
Who thinks to knit himself the fas
In favour wi' some gentle Master
Who, siblins, thrang a-parliament
For Britain's gude his soul inden

CESAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about i
For Britain's gude? gude faith
Say rather, gude as Provenciers
And saying ay and no's they bi
At operas and plays perading,
Mortgaging, gambling, masep
Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
To Hague or Galais take a w
To mak a tour, and tak a wh
To learn bon ton, and see th
There, at Vienna or Vere

For Britain's guide? for her destruction!
 Wi' dissipation, feud, and faction.

LUCAS.

Hech man! dear sire! is that the gait
 They wad see men a braw estate?
 Are we see foughten and harass'd
 For gear to gang that gate at last?

O wad they stay aback frae courts,
 And please themsels wi' country sports,
 It wad for every one be better,
 The Laird, the Tenant, and the Cottar!
 For thae frank, rantin, ramblin' billies,
 Fient hant o' them's ill-hearted fellows
 Except for breakin' e'er their timmer,
 Or speakin' lightly o' their limmer,
 Or shootin' o' a hair or meor-cock,
 The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor fock.

But will ye tell me, Master *Cesar*,
 Sure great fock's life's a life o' pleasure?
 Nae cauld or hunger e'er can steer them,
 The very thought o't needna fear them.

CASSAR.

L—d, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
 The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.

It's true, they needna starve or sweat,
 Thro' winter's cauld, or simmer's heat;
 They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
 And fill auld age wi' grips and grants:
 But human bodies are sic fools,
 For a' their colleges and schools,

A country lassie at her wheel,
Her dizzans done, she's unco we
But Gentlemen, and Ladies war
Wi' ev'ndown want o' wark are
They loiter, lounging, lauk and l
Tho' deil hast ails them, yet use
Their days insipid, dull, and tast
Their nights unquiet, lang, and r
And ev'n their sports, their balls
Their galloping through public
There's sic parade, sic pomp, an
The joy can scarcely reach the h
The men cast out in party match
Then souther a' in deep debauch
Ae night they're mad wi' drink an
Niest day their life is past endur
The ladies arm-in-arm in cluster
As great and gracious a' as siste
But hear their absent thoughts o
They're a' run deils and jades th

There's some exception, man and woman;
But this is Gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
And darker gloamin brought the night;
The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone,
The kye stood rowtin i' the loan;
When up they gat, and shook their lugs,
Rejoic'd they were na men but dogs;
And each took aff his several way,
Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

SCOTCH DRINK.

Gie him strong drink, until he wink,
That's sinking in despair;
And liquor gude, to fire his blude,
That's prest wi' grief and care:
There let him bouse, and deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves or debts,
And minds his griefs no more.
SOLOMON'S PROVERBS, xxxi. 6, 7.

LET other Poets raise a fracas,
'Bout vines, and wines, and drucken *Bacchus*,
And crabbit names and stories wrack us,
And grate our lug;
I sing the juice *Scots Bear* can mak us,
In glass or jug.
B 5

Thou ev'n brightens dark Despair
 Wi' gloomy smile,

Aft, clad in mossy-miller weed,
 Wi' Gentles thou exalts thy head;
 Yet humbly kind, in time o' need,
 The poor man's wine;
 His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
 Thou kitchens see.

Thou art the life o' public haunts;
 But thee, what were our fairs and saunts?
 Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts,
 By thee inspir'd,
 When gaping they besiege the tents,
 Are doubly fir'd.

That merry night we get the corn in,
 O sweetly then thou reams the horn in!
 Or reekin on a New-year morning
 In cog or bicker,
 And just a wee drap sp'ritual burn-in,
 And gusty sucker!

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
 And ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
 O rare! to see the fizz and freath
 I' the luggit caup!
 Then *Burnewin** comes on like death
 At every chaup.

* *Burnewin*—*Burn-the-wind*—the Blacksmith—an appropriate title.

I'll duck ~~some~~
 Wi' dinsome clamour.

When skirlin weanies see the light,
Thou maks the gossips clatter bright,
How fumblin cuifs their dearies slight ;
Was worth the name !
Nae howdie gets a social night,
Or plack frae them.

When neebours anger at a plea,
And just as wud as wud can be,
How easy can the *barley-bree*
Cement the quarrel !
It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee,
To taste the barrel.

Alake ! that e'er my Muse has reason
To wyte our countrymen wi' treason !
But monie daily weet their weason
Wi' liquors nice,

And sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
To her warst faes.

Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland well !
Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,
Poor plackless deevils, like mysel !
It sets you ill,
Wi' bitter, dearthfa' wines to mell,
Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blather wrench,
And gouts torment him inch by inch,
Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
O' sour disdain,
Out owre a glass o' *whisky punch*
Wi' honest men.

O *Whisky* ! soul o' plays and pranks !
Accept a Bardie's humble thanks !
When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
Are my poor verses !
Thou comes——they rattle i' their ranks
At ither's a——s !

Thee, *Ferintosh* ! O sadly lost !
Scotland, lament frae coast to coast !
Now colic grips, and barking hoast,
May kill us a' ;
For loyal Forbes' charter'd boag
Is ta'en awa !

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Exche,
Wha mak the *Whisky etc* their prize !

And routh o' rhyme to rave at will,
Tak a' the rest,
And deal't about as thy blind skill
Directs thee best.

THE AUTHOR'S

EARNEST CRY AND PI

TO THE

SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES IN THE
OF COMMONS.

Dearest of Distillation! ast and l
How art thou lost?—

PARODY ON

Ye Scottish Lords, ye Knights and S
Wha *represent* our brughs and shires,
And doncalv manage our affairs

Alas ! my rapet mase is hours !
 Your Honours' hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,
 To see her sitting on her a—
 Low i' the dust,
 And screechin' out prosaic verse,
 And like to burst !

Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
Scotland and *wae's* in great affliction,
 E'er since they laid that curst restriction
 On *Aquavita* ;
 And rouse them up to strong conviction,
 And move their pity.

Stand forth, and tell yon *Premier Youth*,
 The honest, open, naked truth :
 Tell him o' mine and *Scotland's* drooth,
 His servants humble ;
 The muckle deevil blaw ye south,
 If ye dissemble !

Does ony great man glunch and gloom ;
 Speak out, and never fash your thumb !
 Let posts and pensions sink or soom
 Wi' them wha grant 'em ;
 If honestly they canna come,
 Far better want 'em ;

In gath'rin votes you were na slack ;
 Now stand as tightly by your tack ;
 Ne'er claw your lug, and sidge your back,
 And hup and haw ;

Seizin a stei
Triumphant, crush'nt like a ma
Or lampit sh

Then on the tither hand present
A blackguard Smuggler right be
And cheek-for-chow, a chuffie
Colleaguin j
Picking her pouch as bare as wi
Of a' kind coi

Is there, that bears the name o'
But feels his heart's-blude rising l
To see his poor auld Mither's pot
Thus dung in s
And plunder'd o' her hindmost gr
By gallows kns

Alas ! I'm but a nameless wight,
Trod i' the mire clean ont o' ~~...~~

And no get warmly to your feet,
 And gar them hear it,
 And tell them wi' a patriot heat,
 Ye winna bear it ?

Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
 To round the period and pause,
 And wi' rhetoric clause on clause
 To mak harangues ;
 Then echo thro' St Stephen's wa's
 Auld Scotland's wrangs.

Dempster, a true blue Scot I'se warran ;
 Thee, aith-detesting, chaste *Kilkerran* * ;
 And that glib-gabbet Highland Baron,
 The Laird o' *Graham* † ;
 And ane, a chap that's d--n'd auldfarran,
 Dundas his name.

Erskine, a spunkie Norland billie ;
 True *Campbell*, *Frederick* and *Ilay* ;
 And *Livingstone*, the bauld *Sir Willie* † ;
 And monie ithers,
 Wham auld Demesthenes or Tully
 Might own for brithers :

Arouse, my boys ! exert your mettle,
 To get auld Scotland back her *kettle* ;
 Or faith, I'll wad my new plough-pettle,
 You'll see't or lang,

* Sir Adam Ferguson.

† The present Duke of Montrose.

Tell yon gude blude o' auld Beconock's,
 I'll be his debt twa mauchlin bannocks,
 And drink his health in auld Nance Finnoch's *
 Nine times a-week,
 If he some scheme, like tea and winnocks,
 Wad kindly seek.

Could he some commination breach,
 I'll pledge my aith in gude auld Scotch,
 He needna fear their foul reproach,
 Ner erudition,
 Yon mixtix-quartie, queer hotch-potch,
 The Coalition.

Auld Scotland has a manie tongues;
 She's just a deevil wi' a stung;
 And if she promise auld or young,
 To tak their part,
 Tho' by the neck she should be strung,
 She'll no desert.

And now ye choose *Five-and-Forty*,
 May still your Mither's heart support ye;
 Then, though a minister grew dorty,
 And kick your place,
 Ye'll snap your fingers, poor and hearty,
 Before his face.

God bless your Honours a' your days,
 Wi' soups o' kail and brats o' naise,

* A worthy old Hostess of the Author's in Mauchline, where he sometimes studied Politics over a glass of gude auld Scotch Drink.

THEIR LOT AULD SCOTLAND NE'ER ENVIES,
But blythe and frisky,
She eyes her free-born, martial boys,
Tak aff their Whisky.

What though their Phoebus kinder warms,
While Fragrance blooms, and Beauty charms !
When wretches range in famish'd swarms
The scented groves,
Or hounded forth, dishonour arms
In hungry droves.

Their gun's a burden on their shouther ;
They downa bide the stink o' powther ;
Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither
To stan' or rin,
Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throwther,
To save their skin.

But bring a *Scotsman* frae his hill,

THE

A robe of seeming truth and
Hid crafty Observation,
And secret hung, with poison
The dirk of Defamation
A mask that like the gorgon
Dye-varying on the pig
And for a mantle large and
He wrapt him in Relig
HYP

Upon a summer Sunday
When Nature's face is
I walked forth to view
And snuff the cauler
The rising sun o'er G
have light

Twa had mantreels o' dolefu' black,
 But ane wi' lyart lining;
 The third, that gaed a-wee a-back,
 Was in the fashion shining,
 Fu' gay that day.

The twa appear'd like sister twins,
 In feature, form, and chace;
 Their visage, wither'd, lang and thin,
 And sour as ony sass:
 The third cam up, hup-stap-and-loup,
 As light as ony lambie,
 And wi' a kurtchie low did stoop,
 As soon as e'er she saw me,
 Fu' kind that day.

Wi' bannet aff, quoth I, ' Sweet lass,
 ' I think ye seem to ken me;
 ' I'm sure I've seen that bonny face,
 ' But yet I canna name ye.'
 Quo' she, and laughing as she spak,
 And taks me by the hands,
 ' Ye, for my sake, hae gi'en the feck
 ' Of a' the ten commands
 ' A sereed some day.

' My name is Fun—your eronic deas,
 ' The nearest friend ye-hae;
 ' And this is *Superstition* here,
 ' And that's *Hypocrisy*.
 ' I'm gaun to ***** *Holy Fair*,
 ' To spend an hour in daffin:

get my Sunday's sark on,
' And meet you on the haly spot ;
' Faith we'se hae fine remarkin !'
Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,
And soon I made me ready ;
For roads were clad, frae side to side,
Wi' mony a weary body,
In droves that day.

Here farmers gash, in ridin graith,
Gaed hoddin by their cottars ;
There, swankies young, in braw braid cl
Are springin o'er the gutters.
The lasses, skelpin barefoot, thrang,
In silks and scarlets glitter ;
Wi' *sweet-milk cheese*, in mony a whang,
And *farls* bak'd wi' butter,
Fu' crump that day.

When by the *plate* we set our nose,
Weel heard — — —

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
 And screen our countra gentry,
 There racer Jess and twa three wh-res,
 Are blinkin at the entry.
 Here sits a raw of tittlin jades,
 Wi' heaving breast and bare neck,
 And there a batch o' wabster lads,
 Blackguardin frae K——ck,
 For fun this day.

Here some are thinking on their ains,
 And some upo' their claes ;
 Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,
 Anither sighs and prays :
 On this hand sits a chosen swatch,
 Wi' screw'd up grace-proud faces ;
 On that a set o' chaps, at watch,
 Thrang winkin on the lasses
 To chairs that day.

Oh happy is that man and blest !
 Nae wonder that it pride him !
 Wha's ain dear lass, that he likes best,
 Comes olinkin down beside him.
 Wi' arm repos'd on the chair back,
 He sweetly does compose him,
 Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,
 And's loof upon her bosom
 Unken'd that day.

Now a' the congregation o'er
 Is silent expectation ;

Wi' fright that

Hear how he clears the points o' f
Wi' rattlin and wi' thumpin !
Now meeky calm, now wild in wra
He's stampin, and he's jumpin !
His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd up
His eldritch squeel and gestures
Oh ! how they fire the heart devo
Like cantharidian plaisters,
On sic a day.

But hark ! the *tent* has changed its
There's peace and rest nae lange
For a' the *real judges* rise,
They canna sit for anger.
S^oth opens out his cauld harangue
On practice and on morals ;
And aff the godly pour in thrange,
To gie the jars and barrels

Like *Socrates* or *Antoine*,
 Or some auld Pagan heathen,
 The moral man he does define,
 But ne'er a word o' faith in
 That's right that day.

In gude time comes an antidote
 Against sic poison'd nostrum ;
 For P^obles, frae the water-fit,
 Ascends the holy rostrum :
 See, up he's got the word o' G^o,
 And meek and mim has view'd it,
 While *Common-Sense* has ta'en the road,
 And aff, and up the Cowgate*,
 Fast, fast, that day.

Wee M^o*, m^o, the guard relieves,
 And Orthodoxy raibles,
 Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
 And thinks it auld wives' fables :
 But faith ! the birkie wants a manse,
 So, cannily he hums them ;
 Altho' his carnal wit and sense
 Like haffins-ways o'ercomes him,
 At times that day.

Now butt and ben the change-house fills
 Wi' yill-cap commentators :
 Here's crying out for bakes and gills,
 And there the pint-stoup clatters ;

* A street so called, which faces the *town* in —

Leeze me on Drink ! it gies us mair
Than either School or College,
It kindles Wit, it wankens Lear,
It pangs us fu' o' Knowledge :
Be't whisky gill, or penny wheep,
Or ony stronger potion,
It never fails, on drinking deep,
To kittle up our notion,
By night or day.

The lads and lasses, blythely bent
To mind baith saul and body,
Sit round the table, weel content,
And steer about the toddy.
On this ane's dress, and that ane's le
They're making observations ;
While some are cozis i' the neuk,
And forming assignations,
To meet some day.

His talk of hell, where devils dwell,
 Our very souls does harrow* !
 Wi' fright that day.

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless pit,
 Fill'd fu' o' lowin brunstane,
 Wha's ragin flame, and scorchin heat,
 Wad melt the hardest whun-stane !
 The half asleep start up wi' fear,
 And think they hear it roarin,
 When presently it does appear,
 'Twas but some neighbour snorin
 Asleep that day.

'Twad be owre lang a tale, to tell
 How mony stories past,
 And how they crowded to the yill,
 When they were a' dismiss ;
 How drink gaed round, in cogs and caups,
 Among the furms and benches,
 And cheese and bread, frae women's laps,
 Was dealt about in lunches,
 And dands that day.

In comes a gaucie, gash gudewife,
 And sits down by the fire,
 Syne draws her kebbeck and her knife,
 The lasses they are shyer.
 The auld gudemen, about the graces
 Frae side to side they bother,

* Shakespeare's Hamlet.

Sma' need has he to say a grace,
Or melvie his braw claiting.
O wives ! be mindfu', ance yoursel,
How bonnie lads ye wanted,
And dinna, for a kebbeck-heel,
Let lasses be affronted
On sic a day.

Now *Clinkumbell*, wi' rattlin tow,
Begins to jow and croon ;
Some swagger hame the best they dow,
Some wait the afternoon.
At slaps the billies halt a blink,
Till lasses strip their shoon :
Wi' faith and hope, and love and drink,
They're a' in famous tune
For crack that day.

How monie hearts this day converts,
O' sinners and o' lasses !
Wi' a' the wiles o' stane, an' richt awa' can

DEATH AND DR HORNBOOK,
A TRUE STORY.

SOME books are lies frae end to end,
 And some great lies were never pen'd,
 Ev'n ministers they hae been ken'd,
 In holy rapture,
 A rousing whid, at times, to vend,
 And nail't wi' Scripture.

But this that I am gaun to tell,
 Which lately on a night befel,
 Is just as true's the Diel's in hell,
 Or Dublin city:
 That e'er he nearer comes oursel
 'Is a muckle pity;

The Clachan yill had made me canty,
 I was na' fou; but just had plenty;
 I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay,
 To free the ditches;
 And hillocks, stanes, and bushes, ken'd ay
 Frae ghaists and witches,

The rising moon began to glow
 The distant *Cumrock* hills out-owre;
 To count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r,
 I set mysel;
 But whether she had three or four,
 I couddn' tell,

I there wi' something did forgather,
That put me in an eerie swither ;
An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther,
Clear dangling hang
A three-taed leister on the ither
Lay, large and lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
For fient a wame it had ava ;
And then it's shanks
They were as thin, as sharp, and sma,
As cheeks o' branks.

' Gude-oen,' quo' I : ' Friend ! hae ye been
' When ither fock are busy sawin' ?'
It seem'd to mak a kind o' staun,
Bat naething spak ;
At length, says I, ' Friend ! whare ye gae
' Will ye gae back ?'

[red ye weel, tak care o' seath,
See, there's a gully!'

Judeman,' quo' he, ' put up your whittle,
'm no design'd to try it's mettle;
but if I did, I wad be kittle
' To be mislear'd,
wadna mind it, no that spittle
' Out-owre my beard.'

Veel, weel,' says I, ' a bargain be't;
come, gie's your hand, and sae we're greet;
Ve'll ease our shanks and tak a seat,
' Come, gie's your news;
'his while^m ye has been mony a gate,
' At mony a house.'

y, ay!' quo' he, and shook his head,
's e'en a lang, lang time indeed,
in I began to nick the thread,
' And choke the breath:
ock maun do something for their bread,
' And sae maun *Death*.

six thousand years are near-hand fled,
in I was to the butchering bred,
and mony a scheme in vain's been laid
' To stap or scar me;
ill ane *Hornbook's*† taen up the trade,
' And faith he'll waur me.

1 epidemical fever was then raging in that country.

This Gentleman, Dr Hornbook, is professionally a
her of the Sovereign Order of the Ferula; but, by

• See, here's a scythe,
 • That hae pierc'd moi
 • But Doctor *Hornbook*
 • Has made them baith

• 'Twas but yestreen, m
 • I threw a noble throw
 • Wi' less, I'm sure, I've
 • It just play'd dirl on the

• *Hornbook* was by, wi' re
 • And had sae fortified the
 • That when I looked to m
 • Fient haet o't wad hae ni

- ' But yet the bauld *Apothecary*
 ' Withstood the shock;
 ' I might as weel hae tried a quarry
 ' O' hard whin-rock,

 ' Ev'n them he canna get attended,
 ' Altho' their face he ne'er had kend it,
 ' Just —— in a kail-blade, and send it,
 ' As soon he smell'at,
 ' Balth their disease, and what will mend it,
 ' At sicce he tell'at,

 ' And then o' doctor's saws and whittles,
 ' Of a' dimensions, shapes, and mettles,
 ' A' kinds o' boges, mugs, and bottles;
 ' He's sure to hae;
 ' Their Latin names as fast he rattles
 ' As A, B, C,

 ' Calces o' fossils, earth, and trees;
 ' True sal-marinum o' the seas;
 ' The farina o' beans and pease,
 ' He has't in plenty;
 ' Aqua-fontis, what you please,
 ' He can content ye,

 ' Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
 ' Urinus spiritus o' capons;
 ' Or mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
 ' Distill'd *per se*;
 ' Sal-alkali o' midge-tail clippings,
 ' And many was,
 C 6

‘ Nae doubt they ’ ‘ They’ll ruin ’

The creature grain’d an eldritch lan
And says, ‘ Ye needna yoke the pl

‘ Kirk-yards will soon he till’d ene
‘ Tak ye nae !

‘ They’ll a’ be trench’d wi’ mony
‘ In twa-thre

‘ Whare I kill’d ane a fair strae
‘ By loss o’ blude, or want o’ br

‘ This night I’m free to tak my
‘ That Ho

‘ Has clad a score i’ their last
‘ By drap

‘ An honest Wabster to his tr
‘ Whase wife’s twa nieves wen

‘ Gat tippence-worth to mend
‘ When

- His only son for *Hornbook* sets,
 ' And pays him well :
- The lad, for twa gude gimmer pets,
 ' Was Laird himsel'.

- A bonny lass, ye ken her name,
• Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame ;
• She trusts hersel, to hide the shame,
 ' In *Hornbook's* care ;
- *Horn* sent her aff to her lang hame,
 ' To hide it there.

- That's just a swatch o' *Hornbook's* way ;
• Thus goes he on frae day to day ;
• Thus does he poison, kill, and slay,
 ' An's weel paid for't :
- Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey,
 ' Wi' his d—n'd dirt.

- But hark ! I'll tell you o' a plot,
• Tho' dinna ye be speaking o't ;
• I'll nail the self-conceited sot,
 ' As dead's a herrin ;
- Neist time we meet, I'll wad a groat,
 ' He gets his fairin.'

But just as he began to tell,
The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
Some wee short hour ayont the *twal*,
 Which rais'd us baith :
I took the way that pleased mysel,
 And sae did *Death*.

Inscribed to J. Ballantyne, Esq. .

Thou simple Bard, rough at the rustic p
Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry b
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thr
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the g
bush ;

The soaring lark, the perching red-bre
Or deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whis
the hill ;

Shall he, nurs'd in the Peasant's lowly s
To hardy Independence bravely bred,
By early Poverty to hardship steel'd,
And train'd to arms in stern Misfortun
Shall he be guilty of their hireling crim
The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhyme
Or labour hard the panegyric close,
With all the venal soul of dedicating P

When Ballantyne befriends his humble name,
 And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,
 With heart-felt throes his grateful bosom swells,
 The godlike bliss, to give; alone excels.

'Twas when the stacks got on their winter hap,
 And thack and rape secure the toil-worn crap;
 Potatoe-bings are snagg'd up frae skaith
 Of coming Winter's biting frosty breath;
 The bees rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
 Unnumber'd buds and flow'rs, delicious spoils,
 Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,
 Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
 The death o' deevils, smoor'd wi' brunstane reek;
 The thundering guns are heard on ev'ry side,
 The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide:
 The feather'd field-mates, bound by nature's tie,
 Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:
 What warms, poetic heart but inly bleeds,
 And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!
 Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs;
 Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
 Except, perhaps, the robin's whistling glee,
 Proud o' the height o' some but hauf-lang tree;
 The hoary morns precede the sunny-days,
 Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noontide
 blaze;
 While thick the gossamer waves wanton in the
 rays.

(Whether impell'd by all-directi
To witness what I after shall nar
Or whether, rapt in meditation hi
He wander'd out he knew not wh
The drowsy *Dungeon-clock*† had
And *Wallace-Tow'r*† had sworn t
The tide-swoln frith, with sullen
Through the still night dash'd he
shore ;

All else was hush'd as Nature's c
The silent moon shone high o'er t
The chilly frost beneath the silver
Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glit
When lo ! on either hand the li
The clanging sigh of whistling wi
Two dusky forms dart thro' the m
Swift as the *Gos*† drives on the wl
Ane on th' *Auld Brig* his airy sha
The ither flutters o'er the *rising p*
Our warlock *Rhumer* inatantly *dee*

makies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
 the very deils they brawly ken them.)
 g' appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
 wrinkles Gothic in his face ;
 'd as he wi' Time had warsl'd lang,
 phly doure, he bade an unco bang.
 g' was buskit in a braw new coat,
 at *Len'ox*, frae ane *Adams* got ;
 | five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
 and whirlygigums at the head.
 | was stauking round wi' anxious search,
 se time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch ;
 | his new-come neighbour took his ee,
 a vex'd and angry heart had he !
 | releas sneer to see his modish mien,
 | the water, gies him this gude-eeen—

AULD BRIG.

|, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank,
 were streakit o'er frae bank to bank,
 | be a brig as auld as me,
 |, that day, I doubt ye'll never see ;
 |, if that day come, I'll wad a boddle,
 |, or whigmeleeries in your noddle.

NEW BRIG.

| dal, ye but show your little mense,
 | about it wi' your scanty sense ;
 | poor narrow foot-path o' a street,
 | a wheel-barrows tremble when they meet,
 | 'd, formless bulk, o' stane and lime,
 | wi' bonny *Brigs* o' modern time ?

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk ! puff'd up wi' w
 This mony a year I've stood the !
 And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair f
 I'll be a *Brig* when ye're a shape
 As yet ye little ken about the mat
 But twa-three winters will inform
 When heavy, dark, continued a'-d
 Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow th
 When from the hills, whare spring
Coil,

Or stately *Lugar's* mossy fountains
 Or whare the *Greenock* winds his me
 Or haunted *Garpal*† draws his feel
 Arous'd by blust'ring winds, and sp
 In mony a torrent down the snaw-b
 While crashing ice, borne on the ro
 Sweeps dams, and mills, and brigs,
 And from *Glenbuck*‡ down to the *F*
 Auld *Aur* is inat

Then down ye'll hurl—deil nor ye never rise !
 And dash the jumbie jaups up to the pouring skies.
 A lesson, sadly teaching, to your cost,
 That Architecture's noble art is lost.

NEW BRIG.

Fine *Architecture*, trowth, I needs must say't o't,
 The L—d bethankit that we've tin't the gate o't;
 Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-althuring edifices,
 Hanging, with threat'ning jut, like precipices ;
 O'erarching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
 Supporting reefs fantastic, stony groves ;
 Windows and doors in nameless sculpture drest,
 With order, symmetry, or taste unblest ;
 Forms, like some bedlam-statuary's dream,
 The craz'd creations of misguided whim ;
 Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
 And still the *second dread command* be free,
 Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea ;
 Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
 Of any mason, reptile, bird or beast ;
 Fit only for a doited monkish race,
 Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace ;
 Or cuifs of latter times, wha held the notion,
 That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion ;
 Fancies that our gude Brugh denies protection,
 And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrec-
 tion.

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear remember'd, ancient yeallings,
 Ware ye but here to share my wounded feelings !

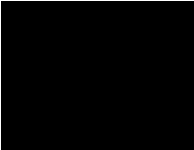
Ye godly *Brethren* o' the sacred gr
Wha meekly gae our *kardies* to the
(And what wad now be strange) ye g
A' ye douce fock I've born aboon th
Were ye but here, what wad ye say
How wad your spirits groan in deeg
To see each melancholy alteration ;
And, agonizing, curse the time and
When ye begat the base degenerate
Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their cou
In plain braid Scots hand forth a plain
Nae langer thrifty Citizens and doac
Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-h
But staumrel, corky-headed, graceles
The herriment and ruin o' the countr
Men, three-parts made by tailors and
Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on
Brigs and Harbours!

To liken them to your auld warls quad,
 I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
 In *Ayr*, Wag-wits nae mair can hae a handle
 For mouth 'a Citizen', a term o' scandal;
 Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
 In a' the pomp of ignorant conceit;
 Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops and raisins,
 Or gather'd lib'ral views in bonds and seisins,
 If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
 Had shor'd them wi' a glimmer o' his lamp,
 And wad to Common-sense for ance betray'd them,
 Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.

What farther clishmaclaver might been said,
 What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,
 No man can tell; but all before their sight,
 A fairy train appear'd in order bright:
 Adown the glittering stream they featly danc'd;
 Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd;
 They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
 The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet;
 While arts of minstrelsy among them rung,
 And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung.
 I had *M'Lawdhan**, thairm-inspiring Sage,
 Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
 When thro' his dear *Strathspeys* they bore with
 Highland rage;

* A well-known Performer of Scottish Music on the
 lute.

--- ..
t instrument appear'd,
c's self was heard ;
y in ev'ry part,
r'd moving on the heart.
sam in front appears,
c'd in years ;
er-lilies crown'd,
r tangle bound.
air in all the ring,
d in hand with Spring ;
y hay, came Rural Joy,
vid-beaming eye :
her flowing horn,
h'd with nodding corn ;
'd locks did hoary show,
ess brow.
h his martial stride,
woody coverts hide :
ignant air,
he towers of *Stair* ;
al measures trode
long-liv'd abode :



Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazel
wreath,
To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
The broken iron instruments of death ;
At sight of whom our Sprites forgot their kind-
ling wrath.

THE ORDINATION.

For sense, they little owe to frugal Heav'n—
To please the Mob, they hide the little giv'n.

KILMARNOCK Wabsters, fidge and claw,
And pour your creeshle nations ;
And ye wha leather rax and draw,
Of a' denominations :
Swith to the *Laigh Kirk*, ane and a',
And there tak up your stations ;
Then aff to *Begbie's* in a raw,
And pour divine libations*
For joy this day.

Curst Common-Sense, that imp o' hell,
Cam in wi' *Maggie Lander**,

* Alluding to a scolding Ballad which was made on the admission of the late Reverend and worthy Mr L—— to the *Laigh Kirk*.

And set the bairns to daub her
Wi' irt this day

Mak haste and turn King David owr
And lilt wi' holy clangor ;
O' double verse, come gie us four,
And skirl up the Bangor :
This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure,
Nae mair the knaves shall wrang
For Heresy is in her pow'r,
And gloriously she'll whang her
Wi' pith this day

Come, let a proper text be read,
And touch it aff wi' vigour,
How graceless *Ham*^o leugh at his
Which made *Canaan* a Neger ;
Or *Phineas*† drove the murdering t
Wi' wh-re-abhorring rigour ;
Or *Zipporah*‡, the scalding jade,

That *stipend* is a carnal weed
 He tak but for the fashion ;
 And gie him o'er the flock to feed,
 And panish each transgression ;
 Especial rams that cross the breed,
 Gie them sufficient threshin,
 Spare them nae day.

Now auld *Kilmarnock* cock thy tail,
 And toss thy horns fu' canty ;
 Nae mair thou'lt rout out-owre the dale,
 Because thy pasture's scanty ;
 For lapfu's large o' *gospel kail*
 Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
 And *rusts* o' grace the pick and wale,
 No gien by way o' dainty,
 But ilka day.

Nae mair by *Babel's streams* we'll weep,
 To think upon our *Zion* ;
 And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
 Like baby-clouts a-drying :
 Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep,
 And o'er the thairms be trying.
 Oh, sars ! to see our elbucks wheep,
 And a' like lamb-tails flyin
 Fu' fast this day !


Lang *Patronage*, wi' rod o' airn,
 Has shor'd the kirk's undoin,
 As lately *Fenwick*, sair forfairn,
 Has proven to its ruin :
 D

IS' POEMS.

man ! *Glencairn*,
was brewin ;
act bairn,
: a true ane,
And sound this day

igus nae mair,
b for ever ;
wn o' *Ayr*,
hink you clever ;
your tear,
e a Shaver ;
repair,
weaver
Aff-hand this day.

just a match,
wa drones,
Laigh Kirk watch,
audrons ;
tither wretch.



And Common-Sense is gaun, she says,
 To mak to *Jamie Beattie*
 Her 'plaiat this day.

But there's *Morality* himsel,
 Embracing a' opinions ;
 Hear how he gie the tither yell,
 Between his twa companions ;
 See, how she peels the skin, and fell,
 As ane were peelin onions :
 Now there they're packed aff to h-ll,
 And banish'd our dominions,
 Henceforth this day.

O happy day ! rejoice, rejoice,
 Come bouse about the porter !
Morality's demure decoys
 Shall here nae mair find quarter :
M'Kinlay, Russel, are the boys
 That heresy can torture ;
 They'll gie her on a rape a hoise,
 And cow her measure shorter
 By the head some day.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
 And here's for a conclusion,
 To ev'ry *New Light** mother's son,
 From this time forth, confusion :

* *New Light* is a cant phrase in the West of Scotland,
 for those religious opinions which Dr Taylor of *Not-*
wich has defended so strenuously.

We'll rin them an
Like oil, some ca

THE CALF.

TO THE REV. MR -

On his Text, Malachi, chap. iv. ver
shall go forth, and grow up like Cal

Right Sir! your text I'll pro
Tho' heretics may laugh;
For instance, there's yoursel
God knows, an unco Calf

And should some patron be
As bless you wi' a kirk,
Sir, but then

The like has been, that you may wear
A noble head o' horns!

And in your lag, most reverend *Justice*,
To hear you roar and rowte,
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
To rank among the *Nogote*!

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,
Below a grassy hillock,
Wi' justice they may mark your head—
“Here lies a famous *Bullock*!”

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL.

O Prince! O Chief of many throned Pow'rs,
That led the embattl'd Seraphim to war—

MILTON.

O THOU, whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Cloutie,
Wha in your Cavern grim and sootie,
Clos'd under hatches,
Splairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches!

Hear me, auld *Hangie*, for a wee,
And let poor damned bodiea be;

Far kend and noted is thy name ;
And tho' yon lowan heugh's thy ha:
 Thou travels far :
And faith, thou's neither lag nor ha:
 Nor blate nor sca

Whyles, rangin like a roarin lion,
For prey, a' holes and corners tryin
Whyles, on the strong-wing'd temp
 Tirling the kirks
Whyles in the auman boeom, pryin
 Unseen thou lur!

I've heard my rev'rend *Grannie* sa
In lanely glens ye like to stray ;
Or whare auld ruin'd castles gray,
 Nod to the moo:
Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's w
 Wi' eldritch crc

As dreary, windy, winter night,
 The stars shot down wi' sklentia light,
 Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,
 Ayont the loch ;
 Ye, like a rash-buss, stood in sight,
 Wi' waving sugh.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
 Each bristled hair stood like a stake,
 When wi' an ekritch stoor, quaick—quaick—
 Amang the springs,
 Awa ye squatter'd, like a drake,
 On whistling wings.

Let warlocks grim, and wither'd hags,
 Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags,
 They skim the muirs and dizzy crags,
 Wi' wisped speed ;
 And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,
 Owre howkit dead.

Thence, countra wives, wi' toil and pain,
 May plunge and plunge the kirk in vain ;
 For, O ! the yellow treasure's taen
 By witchin skill ;
 And dawtit, twal-pint *Hawkie's* gaen
 As yell's the Bill.

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse,
 On young gudemen, foad, keen, and crouse,
 When the best wark-loom i' the house,
 By cantrip wit,

Then *Water-kelpies* haunt the
By your dir
And 'nighted travellers are all
To their de

And aft your moss-traversing
Decoy the wight that late and
The bleezin, curst, mischievous
Delude his e
Till in some miry slough he sun
Ne'er mair

When *Masons'* mystic word and
In storms and tempests raise ye
Some cock or cat your rage mair
Or, strange to
The youngest Brither ye wad wh
Aff straicht to

Lang syne, in *Eden's* bonny wand

O wad ye tak a thought—
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a *stake*—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake

THE
DEATH AND DYING WOR
POOR MAILIE,

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET

AN UNCO' MOURNFU' TAI

As *Mailie*, and her lambs thegither,
Were ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
And owre she warsl'd in the ditch :
Groaning, dying, she did lie

hou, whase lamentable face
 ars to moarn my woeful case !
 ying words attentive hear,
 ear them to my Master dear ;
 l him, if e'er again he keep
 uckle gear as buy a sheep,
 l him never tie them mair
 icked strings o' hemp or hair ;
 a' them out to park or hill,
 et them wander at their will ;
 y his flock increase, and grow
 res o' lambs and packs o' woo.
 l him, he was a Master kin',
 ye was gude to me and mine ;
 ow my dying charge I gie him,
 elpless lambs I trust them wi' him.
 bid him save their harmless lives,
 logs, and tods, and butcher's knives !
 em o' gude cow-milk their fill,
 hey be fit to fend themsel ;
 ent them duly, e'en and morn,
 eats o' hay and rips o' corn.
 l may they never learn the gates
 er vile wanrestfu' *pets* !
 ink thro' slaps, and reave and steal
 oks o' pease, or stocks o' kail.
 y they, like their great forbears,
 onie a year come thro' the sheers ;
 ves will gie them bits o' bread,
 airns greet for them when they're dead,
 ' poor *toop-lamb*, my son and heir,
 d him breed him up wi' care !

‘ And no to rin and wear his cloot
‘ Like ither mensless, graceless, b
‘ And neist, my *yowie*, silly thin
‘ Gude keep thee frae a tether str
‘ O, may thou ne’er forgather up
‘ Wi’ ony blastit, moorland toop ;
‘ But aye keep mind to moop and
‘ Wi’ sheep o’ credit like thysel.
‘ And now, my bairns, wi’ my
‘ I leave my blessin wi’ you baith
‘ And when you think upon your
‘ Mind to be kind to ane anither.
‘ Now, honest *Hughoc*, dinna
‘ To tell my master a’ my tale ;
‘ And bid him burn this cursed t
‘ And for thy pains thou’s get n
‘ This said, poor *Maulie* turn’d
And clos’d her een among the de

The last sad cap-stane of his woes ;
Poor Mailie's dead !

It's no the loss o' world's gear,
 That could sae bitter draw the tear,
 Or mak our bardie, dowie, wear
 The mourning weed,
 He's lost a friend and neebour dear,
 In *Mailie* dead.

Thro' a' the town she trotted by him ;
 A lang half-mile she could descry him ;
 Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
 She ran wi' speed ;
 A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,
 Than *Mailie* dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
 And could behave hersel wi' mense ;
 I'll say't, she never brak a fence
 Thro' thievish greed.
 Our Bardie, lapely, keeps the spence
 Sin' *Mailie's* dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
 Her living image, in her yowe,
 Comes bleating to him, owre the knowe,
 For bits o' bread ;
 And down the briny pearls rowe
 Poor *Mailie* dead.

She was nae get o' muirland tips,
 Wi' tawted ket, and harry hips ;

It maks gude fallows girn and gape,
Wi' choakin dread;
And *Robin's* bannet wave wi' crape,
For *Mailie* dead.

O', a' ye bards on bonny *Doon*!
And wha' on *Ayr* your chanthers tune!
Come, join the melancholious croon
O' *Robin's* reed!
His heart will never get aboon
His *Mailie* dead!

TO JAMES SMITH,
MERCHANT, MAUCHLINE.

me with th' inglorious dead,
 Forgot and gone !

y o' Death begin a tale ?
 w we're living, sound and hale ;
 p and maintop crowd the sail,
 Heave *Care* o'er side !
 ge, before Enjoyment's gale,
 Let's take the tide.

s, see far's I understand,
 chanted fairy-land,
 Pleasure is the magic wand,
 That, wielded right,
 ours like minutes, hand in hand,
 Dance by fu' light.

gic wand then let us wield :
 ce that five-and-forty's speel'd,
 xy, weary, joyless eild,
 Wi' wrinkl'd face,
 coastin, hirplin owre the field,
 Wi' creepin pace.

nce *life's day* draws near the gloamin,
 reweel vacant careless roamin ;
 weel cheerfu' tankards foamin,
 And social noise ;
 weel dear, deluding *woman*,
 The joy o' joys !

how pleasant in thy morning,
 Fancy's rays the hills adorning !

Unmindful that the thorn is near
 Among the leaves ;
And tho' the puny wound appear,
 Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spat,
For which they never toll'd nor swat ;
They drink the sweet, and eat the fat,
 But care or pain :
And, haply, eye the barren hut
 Wi' high disdain.

Wi' steady aim, some Fortune chase ;
Keen hope does every sinew brace ;
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the chace
 And seize the prey :
Then canie, in some cozie place,
 They close the *day*.

And ithers, like your humble servan',

! what bitter toil and strain !—
 nee wi' peevish, poor complain !
 tune's fickle *Luzas* wanin ?

E'en let her gang !
 th what light she has remainin,
 Let's sing our sang.

m I here fling to the door,
 neel, ' Ye pow'rs ! and warm implore,
 ough I should wander *terra* o'er,
 ' In all her climes,
 at me but this, I ask no more,
 ' Aye rowth o' rhymes.

dreeping roasts to countra lairds,
 icicles hing frae their beards ;
 fine braw claes to fine life-guards,
 ' And maids of honour ;
 yill and whisky gie to *cairds*
 ' Until they scooner.

tle, *empster* merits it ;
 rter gie to *Willie Pitt* ;
 wealth to some be-leger'd cit,
 In cent. per cent.
 gie me real Sterling wit,
 ' And I'm content.

ile ye are pleased to keep me hale,
 sit down owre my scanty meal,
 : *water-broque*, or *muslin kail*,
 ' Wi' chearfu' face,

... misfortune's

As we
Sworn foe to sorrow, care a
I rhyme

O ye douce fock, that live by
Grave, tideless-blooded, calm
Compar'd wi' you—O fool!

How mu
Your hearts are just a standi
Your liv

Nae hair-brain'd sentimental
In your unletter'd nameless fa
In *arioso* trills and graces!

Ye never
But *gravissimo*, solemn basses
Ye hum a

Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye'
Nae ferly tho' ye do danna

Then, *Jamie*, I shall say nae mair,
 : But quat my sang,
 Content with you to mak a pair,
 Where'er I gang.

A DREAM.

Thoughts, words, and deeds the statute blames with
 reason,
 But surely Dreams were ne'er indicted treason.

[On reading, in the public papers, the LAUREAT'S
 ODE, with the other PARADE of June 4, 1786, the
 Author was no sooner dropt asleep, than he imagined
 himself transported to the Birth-day Levee; and, in
 his dreaming fancy, made the following Address.]

GUDE-MORNING to your *Majesty*!
 May Heav'n augment your blisses,
 On every new *Birth-day* ye see,
 A humble poet wishes!
 My bardship here, at your levee,
 On sic a day as this is,
 Is sure an uncouth sight to see,
 Among thae *Birth-day* dresses
 Sae fine this day.

I see ye're complimented thrang,
 By mony a lord and lady:

But aye unerring steady,
On sic a day.

For me ! before a monarch's face,
Ev'n *there* I winna flatter ;
For neither pension, post, nor place,
Am I your humble debtor ;
Sae, nae reflection on *your grace*,
Your kingship to bespatter ;
There's mony waur been o' the race,
And aiblins ane been better
Than you this day.

'Tis very true, my sov'reign king,
My skill may weel be doubted ;
But facts are chiefs that wianna ding,
And downa be disputed :
Your royal nest, beneath your wing,
Is e'en right reft and clouted,
And now the third part o' the string,

But faith ! I muckle doubt, my Sire,
 Ye've trusted 'ministration
 To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,
 Wad better fill their station
 Than courts you day.

And now ye've gien auld *Britain* peace,
 Her broken shins to plaister ;
 Your sair taxation does her fleece,
 Till she has scarce a tester ;
 For me, thank God ! my life's a *lease*,
 Nae *bargain* wearing faster,
 Or, faith ! I fear, that, wi' the geese,
 I shortly boost to pasture
 I' the craft some day.

I'm no mistrusting *Willie Pitt*,
 When taxes he enlarges,
 (And *Will's* a true gude fallow's gett,
 A name not envy spairges),
 That he intends to pay your debt,
 And lessen a' your charges ;
 But G-d-sake ! let nae *saving* fit
 Abridge your bonny barges
 And boats this day,

Adieu, my *Liege* ! may freedom geck
 Beneath your high protection ;
 And may ye rax Corruption's neck,
 And gie her for dissection.
 But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,
 In loyal, true affection,

Will ye accept a compliment
A simple poet gies ye ?
Thas bonny bairntime, Heav
Still higher may they heez
In bliss, till Fate some day is
For ever to release ye
F'rae car

For you, young potentate of V
I tell your *Highness* fairly,
Down Pleasure's stream, wi' t
I'm tauld ye're driving rare
But some day ye may gnaw yo
And curse your folly sairly,
That e'er ye brak *Diana's* pale
Or rattl'd dice wi' *Charlie*,
By night c

Yet aft a ragged cowte's been k
To mak a noble *aiver* :

And yet, wi' funny, queer *Sir John* †,
 He was an unco shaver
 For monie a day.

For you, right rev'rend Osnaburg,
 Nane sets the *lawn-sleeve* sweeter,
 Although a ribband at your lug,
 Wad been a dress completer;
 As ye disown yon paughty dog
 That bears the keys of Peter,
 Then, swith! and get a wife to hug,
 Or, troth! ye'll stain the mitre
 Some luckless day.

Young, royal *Tarry Brecks*, I learn,
 Ye've lately come athawart her;
 A glorious *galley* ‡, stem and stern,
 Weel rigg'd for *Venus*' barter;
 But first hang out, that she'll discern,
 Your hymeneal charter,
 Then heave aboard your grapple airn,
 And, large upo' her quarter,
 Come full that day.

Ye, lastly, bonny blossoms a',
 Ye royal lasses dainty,
 Heav'n mak you gude as weel as braw,
 And gie you lads a-plenty:
 But sweer na *British boys* awa,
 For kings are unco scant aye;

† Sir John Falstaff. See Shakespeare's Henry IV.

‡ Alluding to the Newspaper account of a certain Royal
 sailor's amour.

Her mantle large, o' greenish hue,
 My gazing wonder chiefly drew ;
 Deep *lights* and *shades*, bold-mingling, threw
 A lustre grand ;
 And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
 A well-known land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost ;
 There, mountains to the skies were tost :
 Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
 Wi' surging foam ;
 There, distant shone Art's lofty boast,
 The lordly dome.

Here, *Doon* pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods ;
 There, well-fed *Irwine* stately thuds !
 Auld hermit *Ayr* staw thro' his woods,
 On to the shore ;
 And mony a lesser torrent scuds,
 Wi' seemin' roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
 An ancient *borough* rear'd her head,
 Still, as in Scottish story read,
 She boasts a race,
 To every nobler virtue bred,
 And polish'd grace.

By stately tow'r, or palace fair,
 Or ruins pendent in the air,
 Bold stems of heroes, here and there,
 I cou'd discern ;

... round the deep-d:
In sturdy
While back-recoiling seem'd to
Their south

His COUNTRY'S SAVIOUR†, marl
Bold *Richardton's* § heroic swell.
The chief on *Sark* ||, who glorion
In high com
And *He*, whom ruthless fates exp
His native la

There, where a scepter'd *Picfiak* ¶
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,
I mark'd a martial race, pourtray'd
In colours stro

* The Wallaces.

† William Wallace.

Adam Wallace of *Richardton*, soust
tal Preserver of Scottish Independence.

|| Wallace, Laird of *Craic*.

Bold, soldier-faunt'rd, undismay'd †
They strode along.

Thro' many a wild romantic grove *,
Near many a hermit-fancy'd cove,
(Fit haunts for Friendship, or for Love,
In musing mood),
An aged Judge, I saw him revs,
Dispensing good.

With deep struck, reverential awe, †
The learned sire and son I saw,
To Nature's God, and Nature's law,
They gave their lore ;
This, all its source and end to draw,
That, to adore.

Brydone's brave ward ‡ I well could spy,
Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye ;
Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,
To hand him on,
Where many a patriot-name on high
And hero shone.

DUAN SECOND.

WITH musing deep, astonish'd stare,
I view'd the heav'nly-steaming fair ;

* Barskimming, the seat of the late Lord Justice-Clerk.

† Catline, the seat of the late Doctor, and present Professor Stewart.

‡ Colonel Fullerton.

‘ In me thy native Muse regard !
‘ Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
 ‘ Thus poorly low
‘ I come to gie thee such reward
 ‘ As we bestow.

‘ Know, the great genius of this land
‘ Has many a light, aerial band,
‘ Who, all beneath his high command,
 ‘ Harmoniously,
‘ As arts or arms they understand,
 ‘ Their labours ply.

‘ They *Scotia's* race among them share ;
‘ Some fire the soldier on to dare ;
‘ Some rouse the patriot up to bare
 ‘ Corruption's heart :
‘ Some teach the bard, a darling care,
 ‘ The tuneful art.

- ' And when the bard, or hoary sage,
- ' Charm or instruct the future age,
- ' They bind the wild poetic rage
 - ' In energy,
- ' Or point the inconclusive page
 - ' Full on the eye.

- ' Hence *Fullarton*, the brave and young ;
- ' Hence *Dempster's* zeal-inspired tongue ;
- ' Hence, sweet, harmonious, *Beattie* sung
 - ' His " Minstrel lays ;"
- ' Or tore, with nobler ardour stung,
 - ' The *sceptic's* bays.

- ' To lower orders are assign'd
- ' The humbler ranks of Human-kind,
- ' The rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind,
 - ' The Artisan ;
- ' All choose, as various they're inclin'd,
 - ' The various man.

- ' When yellow waves the heavy grain,
- ' The threat'ning storm some strongly rein ;
- ' Some teach to meliorate the plain,
 - ' With tillage-skill ;
- ' And some instruct the shepherd train,
 - ' Blythe owre the hill.

- ' Some hint the Lover's harmless wile ;
- ' Some grace the Maiden's artless smile ;
- ' Some soothe the Lab'rer's weary toil
 - ' For humble gains,

‘ To mark the ~~name~~ *Of rustic Bard!*
‘ And careful note each op’ning grace,
‘ A guide and guard.

‘ *Of these am I—Celia* my name;
‘ And this district as mine I claim,
‘ Where once the *Campbells*, chiefs of fame,
‘ Held ruling pow’r;
‘ I mark’d thy embryo tuneful flame,
‘ Thy natal hour.

‘ With future hope, I oft would gaze,
‘ Fond, on thy little early ways,
‘ Thy rudely-carol’d, chiming phrase,
‘ In unceuth rhymes,
‘ Fir’d at the simple artless lays
‘ Of other times.

‘ I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
‘ ~~at the~~ *the* ~~looking~~ *rear:*

- ' And joy and music pouring forth
 ' In ev'ry grove,
 ' I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
 ' With boundless love:
- ' When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,
 ' Call'd forth the reapers' rustling noise,
 ' I saw thee leave their ev'ning joys,
 ' And lonely stalk,
 ' To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
 ' In pensive walk.
- ' When youthful Love, warm-blushing, strong,
 ' Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
 ' Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
 ' Th' adored Name
 ' I taught thee how to pour in song,
 ' To soothe thy flame,
- ' I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
 ' Wild send thee Pleasure's devious way,
 ' Misled by Fancy's meteor ray,
 ' By passion driven!
 ' But yet the light that led astray
 ' Was light from Heaven.
- ' I taught thy manners-painting strains,
 ' The loves, the ways of simple swains,
 ' Till now, owre all my wide domains,
 ' Thy fame extends;
 ' And some, the pride of *Coila's* plains,
 ' Become thy friends.

' The lowly daisy sweetly blows ;
 ' Tho' large the forest's monarch throws
 ' His army shade,
 ' Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
 ' Adown the glade.

' Then never murmur nor repine ;
 ' Strive in thy humble sphere to shine ;
 ' And trust me, not *Potosi's* mine,
 ' Nor king's regard,
 ' Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
 ' A *rustic Bard*.

' To give my counsels all in one,
 ' Thy tuneful flame still careful fan ;
 ' Preserve *the dignity of Man*,
 ' With soul erect !
 ' And trust, the *Universal Plan*
 ' Will all protect.

' *And woe's thou this.*'—she solemn said,

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID,

OR THE

RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

My son, these maxims make a rule,
 And lump them ay thegither;
 The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
 The Rigid Wise anither:
 The cleanest corn that e'er was dight,
 May has some piles o' caff in;
 Sae ne'er a fellow-creature slight
 For random fits o' daffin.

SOLOMON—ECCLES. vii. 16.

O YE wha are sae guid yoursel,
 Sae pious, and sae holy,
 Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
 Your neebour's facts and folly!
 Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
 Supply'd wi' store o' water,
 The heapit happer's ebbing still,
 And still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable core,
 As counsel for poor mortals,
 That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door,
 For glaiket Folly's portals;

And shudder at the niffer ;
But cast a moment's fair reg;
What makes the mighty di
Discount what scant occasion
That purity ye pride in,
And (what's aft mair than a' t
Your better art o' hiding.

Think, when your castigated
Gies now and then a wallop,
What ragings must his veins c
That still eternal gallop :
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your t
Right on ye scud your sea-wa
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It maks an unsee lee-way.

See Social Life and Gles sit dow
A' joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transamugrify'd, they'
Debauchery and f i i i

Before you gie poor *frailty* names,
Suppose a change o' cases ;
A dear lov'd lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination—
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're, aiblins, nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler aister woman ;
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human :
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *why* they do it ;
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

Wha made the heart, 'tis *He* alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord, its various tone,
Each spring, its various bias :
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it ;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But kenna what's *resistit*.

Has auld *Kilmarnock* seen the De
Or great *M. Kilmay* † thrawn his
Or *Robinson* † again grown weel,
To preach an
' Na, waur than a' !' cries ilka chi
' *Tam Samson*

Kilmarnock lang may grunt and gr
And sigh, and sab, and greet her li
And clood her bairns, man, wife, an
In mourning w
To death she's dearly paid the kane
Tam Samson's

The brethren o' the mystic level,
May hing their head in woefu' beve

* When this worthy old sportsman was
fowl season, he surmised it was to be in

hile by their nose the tears will revel,
 Like oay bead ;
 sath's gien the Lodge an unco devel,
 Tam Samson's dead !

hen winter muffles up his cloak,
 and binds the mire like a rock ;
 hen to the loughs the curlers flock,
 Wi' gleesome speed,
 ha will they station at the cock ?
 Tam Samson's dead !

was the king o' a' the core,
 guard, or draw, or wick a bore,
 up the rink like *Jock's* roar
 In time o' need ;
 t now he lags on death's *hog-score*,
 Tam Samson's dead !

ow safe the stately saumont sail,
 d trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,
 d eels, weel kend for souple tail,
 And geds for greed,
 ce dark in death's *fish-creel* we wail,
 Tam Samson dead !

oice ye birring pairtricks a' ;
 ceotie maircocks, crouselly craw ;
 maukins, cock your fuds fu' braw,
 Withoutten dread ;
 ur mortal fae is now awa',
 Tam Samson's dead

low he lies, in lasting rest ;
 pe upon his mauldering breast
 spitaful' mairfowl bigs her nest,
 To hatch and breed !
 nne mair he'll them molest !
 Tam Samson's dead !

August winds the heather wave,
 portamen wander by yon grave,
 vollies let his mem'ry crave
 O' pouther an' lead.
 cho answer frae her cave,
 Tam Samson's dead !

a rest his soul, whare'er he be !
 wish o' mney mae than me ;
 d twa fauts, or maybe three,
 Yet what remead ?
 dial, honest man want we :
 Tam Samson's dead !

THE EPITAPH.

SAMSON'S weel-worn clay here lies,
 ranting zealots spare him !
 st worth in heaven rise,
 I mend or ye win near him.

PER CONTRA.

use, and canter like a filly
 a' the streets and neuks o' *Killie**,
 He is a phrase the country folks sometimes use for
 seek.

HALLOWEE.

The following POEM will, by m
enough understood; but, for the sa
unacquainted with the manners an
country where the scene is cast, Not
some account of the principal Char
night, so big with Prophecy to th
West of Scotland. The passion of
makes a striking part of the history
its rude state, in all ages and nations;
entertainment to a philosophic mind,
honour the author with a perusal, to
it among the more unenlightened in

Yes! let the Rich deride, the
The simple pleasures of the lov
To me more dear, congenial to
One native charm, than all the

Uron that night, when fairies lig

Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
 On sprightly coursers prance;
 Or for *Colean* the rout is ta'en,
 Beneath the moon's pale beams;
 There, up the *Cove**, to stray and rove,
 Among the rocks and streams
 To sport that night.

Among the bonny, winding banks,
 Whar *Deon* rins, wimplin, clear,
 Whar *Bauc†* ance rul'd the martial ranks,
 And shook the *Carrick* spear,
 Some merry, friendly, countra focks,
 Together did conveen,
 To burn their nits, and pou their stocks,
 And haud their *Halloween*,
 Fu' blythe that night.

The lasses feat, and cleanly neat,
 Mair braw than when they're fine;
 Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
 Hearts leal; and warm, and kin';
 The lads see trig, wi' wooer-babs,
 Weel knotted on their garten,
 Some unco blate, and some wi' gabs,
 Gar lasses hearts gang startin,
 Whyles fast at night.

* A noted cavern near *Colean*-house, called the *Cove* of *Colean*; which, as well as *Cassilis Downans*, is famed in country story, for being a favourite haunt of fairies.

† The famous family of that name, the ancestors of *Robert*, the great deliverer of his country, were Earls of *Carrick*.

And pou't, for want o' better shift,
A russet was like a sow-tail,
Sae bow't the

Then, straught or crooked, yird or
They roar and cry a' throu'ther :
The vera wee-things, todlin, rin,
Wi' stocks out-owre their shout
And gif the *custock's* sweet or sou
Wi' jockalegs they taste them ;
Syne coziely, aboon the doos,
Wi' cannie care they've plac'd t'
To lie that nig

* The first ceremony of Halloween, stock, or plant of kail. They must go out with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet, being big or little, straight or crooked, is size and shape of the grand object of —the husband or wife. *if saw yird. ce*

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a',
 To pou their stalks o' corn* ;
 But Rab slips out, and jinks about
 Behint the muckle thorn :
 He grippit Nelly hard and fast ;
 Loud skirl'd a' the lasses ;
 But her top-pickle maist was lost,
 When kittlin i' the fause-house†
 Wi' him that night.

The auld Gudewife's weel hoordit sticks‡,
 Are round and round dividit,
 And monie lads and lasses fates
 Are there that night decided :
 Some kindle, coothie, side by side,
 And burn thegither trimly ;
 Some start awa, wi' saucy pride,
 And jump out-owre the chimlie
 Fu' high that night.

* They go to the barn-yard, and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants the top-pickle, that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come testieo the marriage-bed any thing but a maid.

† When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green or wet, the stack-bulder, by means of old timber, &c. makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is most exposed to the wind ; this is call'd a fause-house.

‡ Burning the nuts is a favourite charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them to the fire ; and, accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be.

As they wad never mair |
'Till fuff! he started up the
And Jean had e'en a sair
To see

Poor Willie, wi' his *bow-ka*
Was burnt wi' primsie M
And Mallie, nae doubt, too
To be compar'd to Willie
Mall's nit lap out, wi' pride
And her ain fit it brant it
While Willie lap, and swor
'Twas just the way he w
To be

Nell had the fause-house in
She pits hersel and Rob
In loving bleeze they sweet
Till white in ase they're
Nell's heart was dancin at
She whisner'd Rob to le

She thro' the yard the nearest taks,
 And to the kiln she goes then,
 And darklins graipit for the banks,
 And in the *bluc-clue** throws then,
 Right fear't that night.

And aye she win't, and aye she swat ;
 I wat she made nac jaukin ;
 Till something held within the pat,
 Gude L—d ! but she was quakin !
 But whether 'twas the deil himsel,
 Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',
 Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
 She didna wait on talkin
 To spier that night.

Wee Jenny to her Grannie says,
 ' Will ye gas wi' me, Grannie ?
 ' I'll eat the apple† at the glass,
 ' I gat frae uncle Johnnie :'

* Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions: Steal out, all alone, to the kiln, and, darkling, throw into the pot a clue of blue yarn; wind it in a new clue off the old one; and, towards the latter end, something will hold the thread; demand, *Wha hauds?* i. e. who holds? an answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the Christian and surname of your future spouse.

† Take a candle, and go alone to a looking-glass; eat an apple before it; and some traditions say, you should comb your hair all the time; the face of your conjugal companion, to be, will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder.

‘ I daur you try sic sportin,
‘ As seek the foul thief ony place,
‘ For him to spae your fortune :
‘ Nae doubt but ye may get a *sight* !
‘ Great cause ye hae to fear it ;
‘ For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
‘ And liv’d and di’d deleeret,
‘ On sic a night.

‘ Ae har’t afore the Sherra-Moor,
‘ I mind’t as weel’s yestreen,
‘ I was a gilpey then, I’m sure
‘ I was nae past fifteen :
‘ The simmer had been cauld and wat,
‘ And stuff was unco green ;
‘ And aye a rantin kirk we gat,
‘ And just on *Halloween*
‘ It fell that night.

' He gat *hemp-seed*², I mind it weel,
 ' And he made unco light o't ;
 ' But monie a day was *by himself*,
 ' He was sae sairly frightened
 ' That vera night.'

Then up gat fechtin Jamie Fleck,
 And he swore by his conscience,
 That he could *saw hemp-seed* a peck ;
 For it was a' but nonsense :
 The auld gudeman raught down the pock,
 And out a handfu' gied him ;
 Syne bade him slip frae 'mang the fock,
 Some time when nae ane see'd him,
 And try't that night.

He marches thro' among the stacks,
 Tho' he was something sturtin ;
 The *grasp* he for a *harrow* tak,
 And hauls at his curpin :
 And every now and then, he says,
 ' Hemp seed I saw thee,

* Steal out, unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp seed, harrowing it with any thing you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat, now and then, ' Hemp-seed I saw thee, hemp-seed I saw thee ; and him (or her) that ' is to be my true-love, come after me and pou thee.' Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, ' Come after me, and shaw thee,' that is, show thyself ; in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, ' Come after me and harrow thee.'

10 keep his courage ch
Although his hair began
He was sae fley'd and e
Till presently he hears a
And then a grane and g
He by his shoother gae a
And tumbled wi' a wint
Out-c

He roar'd a horrid murder
In dreadfu' desperation !
And young and auld cam ri
To hear the sad narratio
He swore 'twas hilchin Jee
Or crouchie Merran Hun
Till step ! she trotted thro'
And wha was it but gruu
Asteer

Meg fain wad to the barn h

t for to meet the deil her lane,
 She pat but little faith in :
 e gies the herd a pickle nits,
 And twa red-cheekit apples,
 watch, while for the *barn* she sets,
 In hopes to see Tam Kipples
 That vera night.

e turns the key wi' cannie thraw,
 And owre the threshold ventures ;
 t first on Sawnie gies a ca',
 syne bauldly in she enters :
 ratton rattled up the wa',
 And she cried, L—d preserve her !
 d ran thro' midden-hole an' a',
 And pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,
 Fu' fast that night.

ey hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice ;
 They hecht him some fine brow ane ;
 hanc'd the *stack* he *fuddom't* thrice^o
 Was timmer propt for thrawin :
 takes a swirlie, auld moss-oak,
 'or some black, grousome carlin :

ng down corn against the wind. Repeat it three
 s ; and the third time, an apparition will pass through
 barn, in at the windy door and out at the other,
 ng both the figure in question, and the appearance
 time marking the employment or station in life.

Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a
 stack, and fathom it three times round. The las
 om, of the last time, you will catch in your arms the
 arance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.

But, och ! that night, among the
She gat a fearfu' settlin !
She thro' the whins, and by the
And owre the hill gaed scrievin
Whare *three lairds' lands met at*
To dip her left sark sleeve in,
Was bent th

Whyles owre a linn the burnie pl
As thro' the glen it wimpl'd ;
Whyles round a rocky scaur it str
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl'd ;
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly ra
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle ;
Whyles cockit underneath the bra
Below the spreading hazle,
Unseen that :

Among the bracken, on the brae,
Between her and the moon,

or else some outler quey,
 and gas a croon :
 his heart maist lap the hool ;
 v'rock heicht she jumpit,
 I a fit, and in the pool
 re the lugs she plumpit,
 Wi' a plauge that night.

in the clean hearth-stane,
 gies three^o are ranged,
 / time great care is ta'en
 them duly changed:
 / Joka, wha wedlock's joys,
 r's year did desire,
 s gat the toom dish thrice,
 v'd them on the fire,
 In wrath that night.

r sangs, and friendly cracks,
 ey didna weary ;
 tales and funny jokes,
 orts were cheap and cheery :
 'd sow'ast, wi' fragrant lunt,
 eir gabe a-steerin ;

three dishes ; put clean water in one, foul
 ur, and leave the third empty. Blindfold
 lead him to the hearth where the dishes are
 (or she) dips the left hand : If by chance in
 ater, the future husband or wife will come o
 matrimony a maid : If in the foul, a widow ;
 pty dish, it foretells, with equal certainty, no
 t all. It is repeated three times ; and every
 ngement of the dishes is altered.
 , with butter instead of milk to them, is al-
 loween supper.

BURNS' POEMS.

set weel down a shapely shank
 As e'er tread yird;
 I could hae flown out-owre a stank,
 Like ony bird.

's now some nine-and-twenty year,
 n' thou was my gude father's mare,
 I gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
 And fifty mark;
 Tho' it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
 And thou was stark.

When first I gaed to woo my Jenny,
 Ye then was trottin wi' your minnie:
 Tho' ye was trickie, slee, and funny,
 Ye ne'er was donsie;
 But hamely, tawie, quiet, and cannie,
 And unco sonsie.

That day, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
 When ye bure hame my bonny *bride*:
 And sweet and gracefu' she did ride,
 Wi' maiden air!
Kyle-Stewart I cou'd bragged wide,
 For sic a pair.

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hoble,
 And wintle like a saumont-coble,
 That day ye was a jinker noble,
 Fer heels and win',
 And ran them till they a' did wanble
 Far, far behin'.
 F 5

Town's bodies ran, and
And ca't thee man.

When thou was corn't, and I was mellow,
We took the road aye like a swallow :
At brooses thou had ne'er a fallow,
For pith and speed ;
But every tail thou pay't them hallow,
Whare'er thou gaed.

The sma', droop-rumpl't, hunter cattle,
Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle ;
But sax Scotch miles thou try't their mett'
And gart them whaizle
Nae whip or spur, but just a wattle
O' saugh or hazel.

Thou was a noble *fittie la's*,
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn ;
Aft thee and I, in aught hours gaun,
In gude March wea'
Before our han',

When frosts lay lang, and snaws were deep,
 And threaten'd labour back to keep,
 I gied thy cog a wee bit heap
 Aboon the tinner ;
 I kend my *Maggie* wadna sleep
 For that, or simmer.

In cart or car thou never reestit ;
 The stayest bras thou wad hae fac'd it ;
 Thou never lap, and stent, and breastit,
 Then stood to blaw ;
 But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
 Thou sneov't awa.

My *plough* is now thy bairntime a' ;
 Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw ;
 Forbye sax mae, I've sell't awa,
 That thou hast nurst :
 They drew me throtteen pund and twa,
 The very warst.

Monie a sair dauk we twa hae wrought,
 And wi' the weary warl' fought !
 And monie an anxious day, I thought
 We wad be best !
 Yet here to crazy age we're brought,
 Wi' something yet.

And think na, my auld trusty servan',
 That now, perhaps, thou's less deservin,
 And thy auld days may end in starvin,
 For my last fow,
 F 6

wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether
To some hain'
Whare ye may nobly rax your let
Wi' sma' fatig

TO A MOUSE

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER
THE PLOUGH, NOVEMBER

WEE, sleekit, cowerin, tim'rous be
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou needna start awa sae hastie,
Wi' bickering be
I wad be laith to rin and chase the
Wi' murd'rin ps

I'm truly sorry Man's dominion

mea-icker in a thrave
 'S a sma' request :
 et a blessin wi' the lave,
 And never miss't.

'wee bit *kousie*, too, in ruin !
 silly wa's the win's are strewin !
 d naething now to big a new ane
 O' foggage green !
 d bleak December's winds ensuin,
 Baith snell and keen !

hou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
 and weary winter comin fast,
 and cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till crash ! the cruel *coulter* past
 Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble,
 Has cost thee monie a weary nibble !
 Now thou's turn'd out for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hauld,
 To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
 And cranreuch cauld !

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
 In proving *foresight* may be vain :
 The best laid schemes o' mice and men
 Gang aft a-gly,
 And lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
 For promis'd joy.

And forward, tho' I canna see
I guess an

A WINTER

Poor naked wretches, who
That bide the pelting of th
How shall your houseless
Your loop'd and window'd
From seasons such as the

WHEN biting *Boreas*, fell
Sharp shivers through th
When *Phœbus* gies a sh
Far so
thro' the

List'ning, the door and winnocks rattle,
 I thought me on the ourie cattle,
 Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
 O' winter war,
 And thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle
 Beneath a scar.

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing !
 That in the merry months o' spring,
 Delighted me to hear thee sing,
 What comes o' thee ?
 Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
 And close thy ee ?

E'v'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd,
 Lone from your savage homes exil'd,
 The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd,
 My heart forgets,
 While pitiless the tempest wild
 Sore on you beats.

Now *Phæbe*, in her midnight reign,
 Dark muff'd, view'd the dreary plain,
 Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
 Rose in my soul,
 When on my ear this plaintive strain,
 Slow, solemn, stole——

• Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust !
 • And freeze, thou bitter-biting Frost !
 • Descend, ye chilly, smothering Snows !
 Not all your rage, as now united, shows

‘ Woe, want, and murder, o’er a
‘ Ev’n in the peaceful rural vale,
‘ Truth, weeping, tells the mournful
‘ How pamper’d Luxury, Flatt’ry by
‘ The parasite empoisoning her ear.
‘ With all the servile wretches in ti
‘ Looks o’er proud Property extended
‘ And eyes the simple, rustic Hind,
‘ Whose toil upholds the glittering
‘ A creature of another kind,
‘ Some coarser substance, unrefin’d,
‘ Plac’d for her lordly use thus far, thus
‘ Where, where is Love’s fond, tend
‘ With lordly Honour’s lofty brow,
‘ The pow’rs you proudly own ?
‘ Is there, beneath Love’s noble nan
‘ Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
‘ To bless himself alone ?
‘ Mark Maiden-innocence a prey
‘ To love-pretending

' Perhaps, this hour, in Mis'ry's squalid nest,
 ' She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
 And with a mother's fears shrinks at the rocking
 ' blast !
 ' Oh ye ! who, sunk in beds of down,
 ' Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
 ' Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate, :
 ' Whom friends and fortune quite disown !
 Ill satisfy'd keen Nature's clam'rous call,
 ' Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
 While thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall,
 ' Chill, e'er his slumbers, piles the drift heap !
 ' Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
 ' Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine !
 ' Guilt, erring man, relenting view !
 ' But shall thy legal rage pursue
 ' The wretch already crushed low
 ' By cruel Fortune's undeserved blow ?
 Affliction's sons are brothers in distress ;
 A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss !'

I heard nae mair, for *Chanticleer*
 Shook aff the pouthery snaw,
 And hail'd the morning wi' a cheer,
 A cottage-rousing craw.

But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
 Thro' a' His works abroad,
 The heart benevolent and kind
 The most resembles God.

While winds frae aff *Ben-Lemond* h
 And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
 And hing us owre the ingle;
 I set me down to pass the time,
 And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
 In hamely westlin jingle.
 While frosty winds blow in the drift,
 Ben to the chimla lug,
 I grudge a wee the great fock's gift,
 That live sae bien and snug :
 I tent less, and want less
 Their roomy fire-side ;
 But hanker and canker
 To see their cursed pride.

Its hardly in a body's power,
 To keep, at times, frae being sour,

But *Davie*, lad, ne'er fash your head,
 Tho' we hae little gear,
 We're fit to win our daily bread,
 As lang's we're hale and fier :
 ' Mair speer na, nor fear na *',
 Auld Age ne'er mind a feg ;
 The last o't, the warst o't,
 Is only for to beg.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
 When banes are craz'd, and blude is thin,
 Is, doubtless, great distress !
 Yet then content could mak us blest ;
 Ev'n then, sometimes, we'd snatch a taste
 O truest happiness.
 The honest heart that's free frae a'
 Intended fraud or guile,
 However Fortune kick the ba',
 Has aye some cause to smile ;
 And mind still, you'll find still,
 A comfort this nae sma' ;
 Nae mair then, we'll care then,
 Nae farther can we fa'.

What tho' like commoners of air,
 We wander out, we know not where,
 But either house or hall ?
 Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
 The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
 Are free alike to all.
 In days when daisies deck the ground,
 And blackbirds whistle clear,

It's no in titles nor in rank ;
It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
 To purchase peace and rest ;
It's no in makin muckle *mair* :
It's no in books, it's no in lair,
 To mak us truly blest :
If happiness hae not her seat
 And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
 But never can be blest :
 Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
 Could mak us happy lang ;
 The *heart* aye's the part aye,
 That mak's us right or wrang.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dr
 Wi' never-ceasing toil ;
Think ye, are we less blest than they,
with -----

Baith careless and fearless
 Of either heav'n or hell;
 Kestering and deeming
 It's a' an idle tale!

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce;
 Nor mak our scanty pleasures less,
 By pining at our state;
 And, even should misfortunes come,
 I, here wha sit, has met wi' some,
 And's thankfu' for them yet;
 They gie the wit o' age to youth;
 They let us ken oursel;
 They mak us see the naked truth,
 The real gude and ill.
 Tho' losses, and crosses,
 Be lessons right severe,
 There's wit there, ye'll get there;
 Ye'll find nae other where.

But tent me, *Dívot*, aye o' hearts,
 (To say aught less wad wring the cartae,
 And flattery I detest)
 This life has joys for you and I,
 And joys that riches ne'er could buy,
 And joys the very best.
 There's a' the pleasures o' the heart,
 The lover and the frien';
 You has your *Meg*, your dearest part,
 And I my darling *Jean*!
 It warms me, it charms me,
 To mention but her name:

THOU KNOWST MY
The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,
Or my more dear immortal part,
Is not more fondly dear !
When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest,
Her dear idea brings relief,
And solace to my breast.
Thou *Being*, All-seeing,
O hear my fervent pray'r ;
Still take her, and make her
Thy most peculiar care !

All hail, ye tender feelings dear !
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow ;
Long since this world's thorny ways
Had number'd out my weary days,
Had it not been for you !
Fate still has blest me with a friend.

O, how that name inspires my style !
 The words come skelpin rank and file,
 Amaist before I ken !
 Thè ready measure rins as fine,
 As Phœbus and the famous Nine
 Were glowrin o'er my pen.
 My spaviet *Pegasus* will limp,
 Till ance he's fairly het ;
 And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,
 And rin an unco fit ;
 But lest then, the beast then,
 Should rue this hasty ride,
 I'll light now, and dight now
 His sweaty, wizen'd hide.

THE LAMENT,

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE
 OF A FRIEND'S AMOUR.

Alas ! how oft does Goodness wound itself !
 And sweet Affection prove the spring of woe.

HOME.

O THOU pale orb, that silent shines,
 While care-untroubled mortals sleep !
 Thou seest a wretch that inly pines,
 And wanders here to wail and weep !
 With Woe I nightly vigils keep,
 Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam ;

Reflected in the gurgling rill.
My fondly-fluttering heart, be still !
Thou busy power, Remembrance, cease
Ah ! must the agonizing thrill
For ever bar returning peace !

No idly-feign'd poetic pains,
My sad, love-lorn lamenting's claim ;
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains ;
No fabled tortures, quaint and tame ;
The plighted faith ; the mutual flame ;
The oft-attested Powers above ;
The promis'd *Father's tender name* ;
These were the pledges of my love !

Encircled in her clasping arms,
How have the raptur'd moments flown
How have I wish'd for fortune's charms
For her dear sake, and her's alone !
And must I think it ! is she gone,

As from the fondest lover part,
 The plighted husband of her youth !
 Alas ! life's path may be unsmooth !
 Her way may lie thro' rough distress !
 Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe,
 Her sorrows share, and make them less ?

Ye winged hours that o'er us past,
 Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,
 Your dear remembrance in my breast,
 My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd.
 That breast, how dreary now, and void,
 For her too scanty once of room !
 Ev'n every ray of hope destroy'd,
 And not a wish to gild the gloom !

The morn that warns th' approaching day,
 Awakes me up to toil and woe :
 I see the hours in long array,
 That I must suffer, lingering, slow.
 Full many a pang and many a throe,
 Keen Recollection's direful train,
 Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low,
 Shall kiss the distant, western main.

And when my nightly couch I try, \\
 Sore-harass'd out with care and grief,
 My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
 Keep watchings with the nightly thief :
 Or, if I slumber, Fancy, chief,
 Reigns haggard-wild, in sore affright :
 Even day, all-bitter, brings relief,
 From such a horror-breathing night.

While Love's luxuriant
Beneath thy silver-glass
To mark the mutual

Oh! scenes in strong
Scenes, never, never
Scenes, if in stupor I feel
Again I feel, again I
From every joy and pleasure
Life's weary vale I'm
And hopeless, comfortless
A faithless woman's!

DESPONDENCY

AN

OPERA'S WITH GRIEF

What sorrows yet may pierce me through,
 Too justly I may fear !
 Still caring, despairing,
 Must be my bitter doom ;
 My woes here shall close ne'er,
 But with the closing tomb.

Happy, ye sons of busy life,
 Who, equal to the bustling strife,
 No other view regard ;
 Even when the wished end's deny'd,
 Yet while the busy means are ply'd,
 They bring their own reward :
 Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
 Unfitted with an aim,
 Meet every sad returning night,
 And joyless morn the same.
 You bustling, and jostling,
 Forget each grief and pain ;
 I listless, yet restless,
 Find every prospect vain.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
 Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
 Within his humble cell,
 The cavern wild, with tangling roots,
 Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
 Beside his crystal well !
 Or, haply, to his evening thought,
 By unfrequented stream,
 The ways of men are distant brought,
 A faint-collected dream :

Than I, no lonely hermit
Where never human foot
Less fit to play the part
The lucky moment to imitate
And just to stop, and just
With self-respecting awe
But ah! those pleasures,
Which I too keenly taste
The *Solitary* can despise,
Can want, and yet be blest
He needs not, he has
Or human love or life
Whilst I here, must
At perfidy ingrate!

Oh! enviable, early days,
When dancing thoughtless
To care, to guilt unknown
How ill exchanged for ripe
To feel the follies, or the

 WINTER,

A DIRGE.

THE Wintry west extends his blast,
 And hail and rain does blow ;
 Or, the stormy North sends driving forth
 The blinding sleet and snaw :
 While tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
 And roars frae bank to brae ;
 And bird and beast in covert rest,
 And pass the heartless day.

' The sweeping blast, the sky o'erblast',
 The joyless Winter-day,
 Let others fear, to me more dear
 Then all the pride of May :
 The tempest's howl, it sooths my soul,
 My griefs it seems to join ;
 The leafless trees my fancy please ;
 Their fate resembles mine.

Thou *Power Supreme*, whose mighty scheme
 These woes of mine fulfil,
 Here, firm, I rest, they *must* be best,
 Because they are *Thy Will* !
 Then all I want, (Oh, do thou grant
 This one request of mine !)

* Dr Young.

toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,
 his night his weekly toil is at an end,
 sets his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 oping the worn in ease and rest to spend,
 weary, o'er the mair, his course does hame-
 ward bend.

length his lonely Cot appears in view,
 enoath the shelter of an aged tree ;
 expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher through
 o meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee.
 wee-bit iagle blinkin bonnie,
 his clean hearthstane, his thrifty Wife's smile,
 a lispin' infant prattling on his knee,
 does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
 l makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

yve the elder bairns come drappin in,
 at service out amang the farmers roun' ;
 he ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
 a cannie errand to a neebor town :
 his eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
 a youthfu' bloom, love sparklin in her ee,
 sees hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,
 he deposits her sair-won penny-fee,
 help her Parents dear, if they in hardship be.

' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
 And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers.
 e social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet ;
 Each tells the uncas that he sees or hears ;

Their Masters and their M
The younkers a' are warr
And mind their labours wi'
And ne'er, tho' out o' sig
' And O ! be sure to fear th
' And mind your *duty* dul
' Lest in temptation's path !
' Implore his counsel and
' They never sought in vain t
' a'right.'

But hark ! a rap comes gentl
Jenny, wha kens the mean
Tells how a neebor lad came
To do some errands, and o
The wily mother sees the coo
Sparkle in *Jenny's* ee, and
With heart-struck anxious car
While *Jenny* haffins is afr

The Youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave :
 The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae
 grave :
 Weel pleas'd to think her *bairn's* respectit like
 the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found !
 O heartfelt raptures ! bliss beyond compare ;
 I've paced much this weary; *mortal road*,
 And sage *Experience* bids me this declare—
 ' If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
 ' One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 ' 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 ' In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
 ' Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the
 evening gale.'

Is there, in human form, that hears a heart—
 A Wretch ! a Villain ! lost to love and truth !
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet *Jenny's* unsuspecting youth ?
 (Curse on his perjurd arts) dissembling smooth !
 Are Honour, Virtue, Conscience, all exil'd ?
 Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth,
 Points to the Parents, fondling o'er their child ?
 Then paints the ruin'd Maid, and their distraction
 wild !

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The healsome *parrick*, chief o' *Scotia's* food ;

The frugal Wife, garra
How 'twas a towmond an
bell

The cheerfu' Supper done
They round the ingle fo
The Sire turns o'er, wi' p
The big *Aa'-bible*, ance
His bonnet rev'rently is l
His lyart haffets weari
Those strains that once
He wales a portion wi
And ' *Let us worship* Go
air.

They chant their artless
They tune their heart
Perhaps *Dundee's* wild.
Or plaintive *Martyrs*
Eliza heats th

Or *Moses* bade eternal warfare wage,
 With *Amalek's* ungracious progeny ;
 Or how the royal *Bard* did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;
 Or *Job's* pathetic plicant, and wailing cry ;
 Or rapt *Isaiah's* wild, seraphic fire ;
 Or other holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the *Christian Volume* is the theme,
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
 How *He*, who bore in Heaven the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head :
 How his first followers and servants sped,
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a hand :
 How *he*, who lone in *Patmos* banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;
 And heard great *Babylon's* doom pronounc'd by
 Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING,
 The *Saint*, the *Father*, and the *Husband*, prays :
 Hope ' springs exulting on triumphant wing,'
 That *thus* they all shall meet in future days :
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their *Creator's* praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear ;
 While circling time moves round in an eternal
 sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,

* Pope's Windsor Forest.

away near, well pleas'd, the la
And in his *Book of Life* the im

Then homeward all take off the
The youngling Cottagers reti
The parent pair their *secret hon*
And proffer up to Heaven th
That *He*, who stills the raven's
And decks the lily fair in flo
Would, in the way His Wisdon
For them and for their little
But chiefly in their hearts with
side.

From scenes like these old S
springs,

That makes her lov'd at home,
Princes and lords are but the bre
' An honest man's the noblest
And *certes*, in fair Virtue's heave

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !
 And, O ! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd
Isc.

O *Thou !* who pour'd the patriotic tide,
 That stream'd thro' *Wallace's* undaunted heart ;
 Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
 (The patriot's *God* peculiarly thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)
 O never, never, *Scotia's* realm desert ;
 But still the *Patriot* and the *Pat'ot Bard*,
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and
 guard !

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN,

A DIRGE.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
 Made fields and forests bare,
 One evening, as I wander'd forth
 Along the banks of *Ayr*,

Began the reverend sage,
Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage?
Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of Man?

The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride;
I've seen yon weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return;
And every time has added proofs,
That Man was made to mourn,

O Man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Mis-spending all thy precious hours,

Look not alone on youthful prime,
 Or manhood's active might ;
 Man then is useful to his kind,
 Supported is his right ;
 But see him on the edge of life,
 With cares and sorrows worn,
 Then age and want, oh ! ill-match'd pair !
 Shew Man was made to mourn.

A few seem favourites of Fate,
 In Pleasure's lap carest ;
 Yet think not all the Rich and Great
 Are likewise truly blest,
 But oh ! what crowds in ev'ry land,
 Are wretched and forlorn !
 Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
 That Man was made to mourn.

Many and sharp the man's ills
 Inwoven with our frame !
 More pointed still we make ourselves,
 Regret, remorse, and shame !
 And Man, whose heav'n-erected face
 The smiles of love adorn,
 Man's inhumanity to Man,
 Makes countless thousands mourn.

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
 So abject, mean, and vile,
 Who begs a brother of the earth
 To give him leave to toil ;

By Nature's law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind ?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty, or scorn ?
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn ?

Yet, let not this too much, my Son,
Disturb thy youthful breast :
This partial view of human kind
Is surely not the *last*.
The poor, oppressed, honest man,
Had never sure been born,
Had there not been some recompence
To comfort those that mourn.

O, Death ! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best !
Welcome the hour my aged limbs

A PRAYER

IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause,
Of all my hope and fear,
In whose dread Presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;
As *something* loudly in my breast
Remonstrates I have done.

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me,
With passions wild and strong;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

Where human *weakness* has come short,
Or *frailty* stept aside,
Do Thou, *All-Good!* for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

Where with *intention* I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But—*Thou art Good;* and Goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

WHY am I loath to leave t
Have I so found it full o
Some drops of joy, with d
Some gleams of sunshine
Is it departing pangs my
Or Death's unlovely, d
For guilt, for guilt, my t
I tremble to approach
And justly smart bene

Fain would I say, ' For
Fain promise never m
But, should my Author
Again I might desert
Again in Folly's path
Again Exalt the bu
Then how should I fo
Who act so counter

With that controlling pow'r assist ev'n me,
 Those headlong furious passions to confine ;
 For all unfit I feel my pow'rs to be,
 To rule their torrent in th' allowed line ;
 O aid me with thy help, *Omnipotence Divine !*

VERSES

LEFT AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE, WHERE THE
 AUTHOR SLEPT ONE NIGHT.

O Thou dread Pow'r, who reign'st above,
 I know thou wilt me hear ;
 When for this scene of peace and love,
 I make my pray'r sincere.

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,
 Long, long be pleas'd to spare !
 To bless his little filial flock,
 And show what good men are.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
 With tender hopes and fears,
 O bless her with a mother's joys,
 But spare a mother's tears !

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
 In manhood's dawning blush ;
 Bless him, Thou God of love and truth,
 Up to a parent's wish !

when soon or late they reach that
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lose
A family in Heaven !

TO A MOUNTAIN

ON TURNING ONE DOWN
PLOUGH, IN APRIL, 1

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow
Thou's met me in an evil hour ;
For I maun crush among the stour
Thy slender stea
To spare thee now is past my powe
Thou bonie gem

Alas ! its no thy neebor sweet,

Yet cheerfully thou glist'ed forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
 High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;
 But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie *stibble-field*,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scantie mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise:
 But now the *share* uptears thy bed,
 An' low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
 Sweet *flow'ret* of the rural shade,
 By love's simplicity betray'd,
 And guileless trust,
 Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
 On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of *prudent Love*,
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And whelm him o'er!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date ;
Stern Ruin's *ploughshare* drives apace,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom !

TO RUIN.

ALL hail, inexorable Lord !
At whose destruction-breathing word,
The mightiest empires ||
Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
The ministers of grief and pain,
A sullen welcome, all !
With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
I see each aimed dart ;

And thou, grim power, by life' abhorr'd,
While life a pleasure can afford,

Oh ! hear a wretch's prayer !
No more I shrink appal'd, afraid ;
I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
To close this scene of care !

When shall my soul, in silent peace,
Escape life's joyless day ;

My weary heart its throbbings cease,
Cold-mouldering in the clay ?

No fear more, no tear more,

To stain my lifeless face ;

Enclasped, and grasped

Within thy cold embrace !

TO MISS LOGAN,

WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS, AS A NEW YEAR'S
GIFT, JANUARY 1, 1787.

AGAIN the silent wheels of time,
Their annual round have driven,
And you, though scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer Heaven.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail ;
I send you more than India boasts
In *Edwin's* simple tale.

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FR

May —

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend
A something to have sent you,
Tho' it should serve nae other end,
Than just a kind *momento* ;
But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine ;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps, turn out a sermon.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,
And *Andrew* dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye :
For care and trouble set your thought,
Even when your end's attained ;
And a' your views may come to nought

But och, mankind are ance weak,
 An' little to be trusted;
 If *self* the wavering balance shake,
 Its rarely right adjusted!

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
 Their fate we should na censure,
 For still th' *important end* o' life,
 They equally may answer:
 A man may hae an honest heart,
 Tho' poortith hourly stare him;
 A man may tak a neebor's part,
 Yet hae nae *cash* to spare him.

Ay free, aff han' your story tell,
 When wi' a bosom crony;
 But still keep something to yoursel
 Ye scarcely tell to ony.
 Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can
 Frae critical dissection;
 But keek thro' every other man,
 Wi' sharpen'd sly inspection.

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,
 Luxuriantly indulge it;
 But never tempt th' *illicit rove*,
 Tho' naething should divulge it:
 I wae the quantum o' the sin,
 The hazard of concealing;
 But och! it hardens a' within,
 And petrifies the feeling.

O Fortane, they hae room to grumble !
Hadst thou taen aff some drousy bummal
Wha can do nought but fyke and fumbel
 'Twad been nae plea
But he was gleg as ony wumble,
 That's owre the sea !

Auld, cantie *Kyle*, may weepers wear,
And stain them wi' the sant, sant tear:
'Twill mak her poor auld heart, I fear,
 In finders flee ;
He was her *Laureat* mony a year,
 That's owre the sea

He saw Misfortune's cauld *nor-west*
Lang mustering up a bitter blast ;
A jillet brak his heart at last,
 Ill may she be !
So took a birth afore the mast,

So, row't his hurdies in a hammock,
And owre the sea.

He ne'er was gien to great misguiding,
Yet coin his pouches wadna bide in ;
Wi' him it ne'er was *under hiding* ;
He dealt it free :
The Muse was a' that he took pride in,
That's owre the sea.

Jamaica bodics, use him weel,
And hap him in a coxie biel ;
Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel,
And fu' o' glee !
He wadna wrang the vera deil,
That's owre the sea,

Fareweel, my *rhyme-composing billic* !
Your native soil was right ill-willie ;
But may ye flourish like a lily,
Now bonnilie !
I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,
Tho' owre the sea.

TO A HAGGIS.

FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the puddin'-race !
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm ;

In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic labour dight,
And cut you up wi' ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright
Like ony ditch ;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reeking, rich

Then horn for horn they stretch and st
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
Till a' their weel-swallow'd kites, belyve;
Are bent like drums
Then auld gudeman, maist like to rive,
Bethankit hums.

Is there that owre his French *ragout*,
Or *olio* that wad staw a sow,

Maun please the great for
For me! sae laigh I need
For, Lord be thankit! I
And when I downa yoke a
Then, Lord be thankit! I
Sae I shall say, and that's
It's just sic Poet, and sic
The Poet, some guid an
Or else, I fear some ill an
He may do weel for a' he's
But only he's no just begun
The Patron, (Sir, ye man
I winna lie, come what will
On ev'ry hand it will allow'
He's just—nae better than I
I readily and freely grant,
He downa see a poor man w
What's no' his ain he winna
What ance he says he winna

thing but a milder feature,
 poor sinfu' corrupt nature :
 at the best of moral works,
 black Gentoos and pagan Turks,
 ers wild on *Pomotaxi*,
 ver heard of orthodoxy.
 's the poor man's friend in need,
utlemaa in word and deed,
 hro' terror of d-mn-ti-n ;
 a carnal inclination.
 lity, thou deadly bane,
 s o' thousands thou hast slain !
 his hope, whose stay and trust is
 ! mercy, truth, and justice !
 stretch a point to catch a plack ;
 brother to his back ;
 o' a *winnock* frae a wh-re,
 at the rake that taks the *door* ;
 e poor like ony whunstane,
 d their noses to the grunstane ;
 y art o' *legal* thieving ;
 er, stick to *soud* believing.
 three-mile pray'rs, and half-mile graces,
 l-spread looves, and lang wry faces ;
 o a solemn, lengthen'd groan,
 in a' parties but your own ;
 ant then, ye're nae deceiver,
 , sturdy, staunch believer.
 pha leave the springs o' *Calvin*,
 lie *dubs* o' your ain delvin !
 of heresy and error,
 se day squeel in quaking terror !

1,

2:

}

,



' Are frae their nuptial labours risen :
 ' Five bonny lasses rōund their table,
 ' And seven braw fallows, stout and able
 ' To serve their king and country weal,
 ' By word, or pen, or pointed steel !
 ' May health and peace, wi' mutual rays,
 ' Shine on the ev'ning o' his days ;
 ' Till his wee curlie *Jock's* ier-oe,
 ' When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
 ' The last, sad, mournful rites bestow !'

I will not wind a lang conclusion,

Wi' complimentary effusion :

But whilst your wishes and endeavours
 Are blest wi' fortune's smiles and favours,
 I am, dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
 Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Pow'rs above prevent !)
 That iron-hearted carl, *Want*,
 Attended in his grim advances,
 By sad mistakes, and black mischances,
 While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
 Make you as poor a dog as I am,
 Your *humble servant* then no more ;
 For who would humbly serve the poor !
 But, by a poor man's hopes in Heaven !
 While recollection's pow'r is given,
 If, in the vale of humble life,
 The victim sad of fortune's strife,
 I, through the tender gushing tear,
 Should recognise my *master dear*,
 If friendless, low, we meet thegither,
 Then, Sir, your hand—my *friend* and *brother* !

NET, AT CHURCH.

Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie!
Your impudence protects you sairly:
I canna say but ye strut rarely,
Owre gauze and lace;
Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin, blastit wonner,
Detested, shunn'd by saunt an' sinner,
How dare you set your fit upon her,
Sae fine a lady!
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner
On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle!
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and spratt!
Wi' ither kindred, jumpin cattle,
In shoals and nations;
In some unsattle

As vera tapmost, tow'ring height,
O' *Miss's bonnet*.

Ye sooth ! right bauld ye set your nose out,
As plump and grey as ony grozet ;
For some rank, mercurial rozet,
Or fell, red smeddum,
'd gie you sic a hearty doze o't,
Wad dress your droddum !

I wadna been surpris'd to spy
You on an auld wife's flannen toy ;
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
On's wyliecoat ;
But Miss's fine *Lunardi!* fie,
How dare you do't !

O, *Jenny*, dinna toss your head,
And set your beauties a' abroad !
Ye little ken what cursed speed
The blastie's makin !
Thae *winks* and *finger-ends*, I dread,
Are notice takin !

O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion :
What airs in dress and gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n Devotion !



BURNS' POEMS.

Thy daughters bright the walks adorn !
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy !
Fair *Burnet* strikes th' adoring eye,
Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine ;
I see the *sire of love on high*,
And own his work indeed divine !

There, watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough rude fortress gleams afar ;
Like some bold vet'ran, grey in arms,
And mark'd with many a seamy scar :
The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
Grim-rising o'er the ragged rock,
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repell'd the invader's shock.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tear
I view that noble, stately dome,
Where *Scotia's* kings of other years,
Fam'd heroes, had their royal home :
Alas, how chang'd the times to come !
Their royal name low in the dust !
Their hapless race wild-wand'ring roam !
Tho' rigid law cries out, 'twas just !

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
Old *Scotia's* bloody lion bore :

Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat legislation's sov'reign pow'rs !
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter'd in thy honour'd shade.

EPISTLE TO J. LAPRA

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARI

April 1st

WHILE briers and woodbines budding g
And paitricks scraichin loud at e'en,
And mornin pussie whidden seen,
Inspire my muse,

And there was muckle fun and jokin,
 Ye needna doubt ;
 At length we had a hearty yokin
 At sang about.

There was ae sang among the rest,
 Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
 That some kind husband had address
 To some sweet wife :
 It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
 A' to the life.

I've scarce heard ought describ'd sae weel,
 What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel ;
 Thought I, ' Can this be Pope, or Steele,
 Or Beattie's wark !
 They tald me 'twas an odd kind chiel
 About *Muirkirk*.

It pat me fidgin fain to hear't,
 And sae about him there I spier't,
 Then a' that ken't him round declar't
 He had *ingine*,
 That nane excell'd it, few cam near't,
 It was sae fine.

That, set him to a pint o' ale,
 And either douce or merry tale,
 Or rhymes and sangs he'd made himsel,
 Or witty catches,
 'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,
 He had few matches.

-- put and gill I'

But, first and fore
Amaist as soon as
I to the *crambo-jin*

Yet crooning to a h
I

I am nae *poet*, in a
But just a *rhymet*, li
And hae to learning
Ye

Whene'er my Muse c
I ji

Your critic-fock may
And say, ' How can j
' You wha ken hardlv

Ye'd better taen up spades and shoals,
Or knappin-hammers.

A set o' dull conceited hashes,
Confuse their brains in College classes !
They gang in stirks, and come out asses,
Plain truth to speak ;
And syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek.

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire ;
Then tho' I drudge thro' dub and mire
At plough or cart,
My Muse, tho' hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.

O for a spunk o' *Allan's* glee,
Or *Fergusson's* the bauld and slee,
Or bright *Lapsraik's*, my friend to be,
If I can hit it ;
That would be *lear* enough for me,
If I could get it.

Now, Sir, if ye has friends enow,
Tho' real friends, I believe, are few,
Yet if your catalogue be fu',
I'se no insist,
But gif you want ae friend that's true,
I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel ;
As ill I like my fauts to tell ;

ie well,
is roose me ;

B
W
W

lay to me,
e !

Co

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;

A



ye whom social pleasure charms,
 whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
 do hold your being on the terms,
 ' Each aid the others,'
 as to my bow, come to my arms,
 My friends, my brothers !

, to conclude my lang epistle,
 my auld pen's worn to the gristle ;
 a lines frae you wad gar me fistle,
 Who am, most fervent,
 file I can either sing, or whistle,
 Your friend and servant.

TO THE SAME.

April 21, 1785.

THE new-ca'd kye rowie at the stake,
 l pownies reek in plough or braik,
 s hour on e'emin's edge I take,
 To own I'm debtor,
 honest-hearted, auld *Lapsaik*,
 For his kind letter.

jeskit sair, wi' weary legs,
 tlin the corn out-owre the rigs,
 lealin thro' among the naigs
 Their ten hours bite,
 awkward Muse sair pleads and begs,
 I wadna write.

Her dowff excuses pat me mad :
' Conscience,' says I, ' Ye thewle
' I'll write, and that a hearty bla
' This vera nig'
' Sae dinna ye affront your traps,
' But rhyme it

' Shall bauld *Lapraik*, the king
' Tho' mankind were a pack o' c
' Roose you sae weel for your de
' In terms sae
' Yet ye'll neglect to shew your
' And thank

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
And down gaed *stumpie* i' the
Quoth I, 'before I sleep a wir
' I vow I'll
make it all

But I shall scribble down some blather
Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge and carp,
Tho' fortune use you hard and sharp ;
Come kittle up your *mairland harp*
Wi' glesome touch !
Ne'er mind how fortune was'f and wasp ;
She's but a b-tch.

She's gien me mony a jirt and fleg,
Sin' I could striddle owre a rig ;
But, by the L—d, tho' I should beg
Wi' hyart pow,
I'll laugh, and sing, and shake my leg,
As lang's I dow !

Now comes the sax and twentieth simmer,
I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
Still persecuted by the limmer
Fras year to year ;
But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
I, Rob, am here.

Do ye envy the city *Gent*,
Behint a kist to lie and sklent,
Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.
And meikle wame,
In some bit brough to represent
A Bailie's name ?

Or is't the saughty feudal Thane,
Wi' ruffled sark and glancin cane,

Tho' here they scrape, and squeeze, and growl,
 Their worthless nievesfu' of a soul
 May in some future carcase howl,
 The forest's fright ;
 Or in some day-detesting owl
 May sham the light.

Then may *Lapraik* and *Burns* arise,
 To reach their native, kindred skies,
 And sing their pleasures, hopes, and joys,
 In some mild sphere,
 Still closer knit in friendship's ties,
 Each passing year:

TO WILLIAM SIMPSON,

OCHILTREE.

May — 1785.

I GA' your letter, winsome *Willie* ;
 Wi' gratefu' heart, I thank you brawlie ;
 Tho' I maun say't, I wad be silly,
 And unco vain,
 Should I believe, my coaxin billie,
 Your flatterin strain.

But I'se believe ye kindly meant it,
 I sud be laith to think ye hinted
 Ironic satire, sidelins sklentend
 On my poor Musie ;

I

Or *Fergusson*, the writer chiel,
A deathless name:

(O *Fergusson*! thy glorious parts
Ill suited law's dry musty arts;
My curse upon your whunstone hearts
Ye Enbrugh gentry
The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes,
Wad stow'd his par

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
Or lasses gie my heart's a secret,
As whiles they're like to my dead,
(O sad disease!)
I kittle up my *rustic reed*,
It gies me ease.

Auld *Coila* now may fidge fu' fain,
She's gotten poets o' her ain,
Wha' in their chapters winna hain.

She lay like some unbrnd-of-isle
Beside New Hellen,
 Or whar wild-meeting oceans boil
Besooth Magellan.

Ramsay and famous *Ferguson*,
 Gied *Forth* and *Tay* a lift aboon ;
Yarrow and *Tweed*, to monie a tune,
 Owe Scotland rings,
 While *Irwin*, *Lugar*, *Ayr*, and *Deon*,
 Naebod singa.

Th' *Illisus*, *Fiber*, *Thames*, and *Scinc*,
 Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line ;
 But, *Willie*, set your fit to mine,
 And cock your crest,
 We'll gar our streams and burnies shine
 Up wi' the best.

We'll sing auld *Cocks*'s plains and fells,
 Her muirs red-brown wi' heather bells,
 Her banks and braes, her dens and dells,
 Whar glorious *Wallace*
 Aft bure the grass, as story tells,
 Frae southren billies.

At *Wallace*' name, what Scottish blood
 But boils up in a spring-tide flood ;
 Oft hae our fearless fathers straid
 By *Wallace*' side,
 Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
 Or glorious died.

wi' wailfa'

Ev'n Winter bleak has charms
When winds rave thro' the mair
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
Are hoary g
Or blinding drifts wild-furious
Dark'ning th

O Nature! a' thy shows and fe
To feeling, pensive hearts hae c
Whether the Summer kindly wa
Wi' life and l
Or Winter howls, in gusty storr
The lang dar

The Muse, nae Poet ever fand h
Till by himsel he learn'd to wand
Adown some trottin burn's meane
And no think h

O sweet

Shall let the bizzzy, grumblin' hive
 Bum owre their treasure.

Fareweel, ' my rhyme-composin' brither,'
 We've been owre lang unkend to ither :
 Now let us lay our heads thegither,
 In love fraternal :
 May *Envy* wallop in a tether,
 Black fend, infernal !

While Highlandmen hate tolls and taxes ;
 While Muirlan Herds like gude fat braxies ;
 While Terra Firma, on her axis
 Diurnal turns,
 Count on a friend, in faith and practice,
 In *Robert Burns*.

POSTSCRIPT.

MY memory's no worth a preen ;
 I had amaist forgotten clean,
 Ye bade me write you what they mean
 By this *new-light**,
 'Bout which our *herds sae* aft hae been
 Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans
 At *grammar*, *logic*, and sic talents,
 They took nae pains their speech to balance,
 Or rules to gie,

* See Note, page 75.

And shortly after she was done,
They gat a new ane.

This pass'd for certain, undisputed ;
It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
Till chieles gat up and wad confute it,
And ca'd it wrang ;
And meikle din there was about it,
Baith loud and lang.

Some *herds*, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,
Wad threap auld fock the thing misteuk ;
For 'twas the *auld moon* turn'd a neuk,
And out o' sight,
An' backlin-coming, to the leuk
She grew mair bright.

This was deny'd, it was affirm'd ;
The *herds* and *kissels* were alarm'd ;
The rev'end men's heads were all alarm'd ;

And *mie*: a *fallow* gat his licks,
 Wi' hearty crunt;
 And some to learn them for their tricks,
 Ware hant'd and brunt.

This game was play'd in *mie* lands,
 And *auld-light* caddies bure sic hands,
 That faith the youngsters took the sands
 Wi' nimble shanks,
 'Till lairds forbade, by strict commands,
 Sic bluddy pranks.

But *new-light herds* gat sic a cove,
 Fock thought them ruin'd stick and stowe,
 Till now amais't on every knowe,
 Ye'll find ane plac'd;
 And some, their *new-light* fair avow,
 Just quite barefac'd.

Nae doubt the *auld-light flocks* are bleatin';
 Their zealous *herds* are vex'd and sweatin';
 Mysel, I've ev'n seen them greetin'
 Wi' girnin spite,
 To hear the moon sae sadly lied on
 By word and write.

But shortly they will cow the louns!
 Some *auld-light herds* in neebour towns
 Are mind't, in things they ca' *balloons*,
 To tak a flight,
 And stay ae month amang the moons,
 And see them right.

Sae, ye observe, that a' this clatter
Is naething but a ' moonshine matt
But tho' dull prose-fock Latin splat
 In logic tulzie,
I hope we bardies ken some better
 Than mind sic br

EPISTLE TO JOHN R.

INCLOSING SOME POE

O **MOUGH**, rude, ready-witted Rankie
The wale o' cocks for fun and drinkie
There's monie godly focks are thinkie
 Your *dreams* * and
Will send you, Korah-like, a-sinkin,
 Straught to auld *

tak a deevil o' the saunts,
 And fill them fu';
 then their failings, flaws, and wants,
 Are a' seen through.

ocrisy, in mercy spare it!
 t holy robe, O diana tear it!
 e't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
 The lads in *black*;
 your curs'd wit, when it comes near it,
 Rives't aff their back.

ik, wicked sinner, wha ye're scaithing,
 just the *blue-gown* badge and claithing
 saunts; tak that, ye lea'e them naething
 To ken them by,
 ony unregenerate heathen,
 Like you or I.

sent you here some rhyming ware,
 hat I bargain'd for and mair;
 when you hae an hour to spare,
 I will expect
 saug*: ye'll sen't, wi' eannie care,
 And no neglect.

'faith, sma' heart hae I to sing!
 muse dow scarcely spread her wing!
 play'd mysel a bonnie spring,
 And danc'd my fill;

* A song he had promised the Author.

And brought me
A bennie hen,
And, as the twilight was begun,
Thought nane wad ken.

The poor wee thing was little hurt ;
I straiokit it a wee for sport,
Ne'er thinkin they wad fash me for't ;
But, deil-ma-care !
Somebody tells the poacher-court
The hale affair.

Some auld us'd hands had ta'en a note,
That sic a hen had got a shot ;
I was suspected for the plot ;
I scorn'd to lie ;
So gat the whistle o' my groat,
And pay't the fee.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
I'll be a better man and my hail.

I,—d, I'se hae sportin by and by,
 For my gowd guinea ;
 Tho' I should herd the *buckskin* kye
 For't in Virginia.

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame !
 'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
 But twa-three draps about the wains,
 Scarce thro' the feathers ;
 And baith a yellow George to claim,
 And thole their bisters !

It pits me ay as mad's a hare ;
 So I can rhyme nor write nan mair !
 But *peawycorths* again are fair,
 When time's expedient :
 Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,
 Your most obedient.

WRITTEN IN

FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE,

ON NITH-SIDE.

Thou whom chance may hither lead,
 Be thou clad in russët weed,
 Be thou deck'd in silken stole,
 'Grave these counsels on thy soul.
 Life is but a day at most,
 Sprung from night, in darkness lost ;

Let prudence bless enjoyment's cup
Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
Life's proud summits wouldst thou
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait:
Dangers, eagle-pinion'd, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold,
While cheerful peace, with linnet
Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of ev'ning close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose;
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-nook of ease,
There ruminatè with sober thought,
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and
And teach the sportive youngers round
Saws of experience, sage and sound.

Tell them, and press it on their mind,
 As thou thyself must shortly find,
 The smile or frown of awful Heav'n,
 To virtue or to vice is giv'n.
 Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
 There solid self-enjoyment lies ;
 That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
 Lead to the wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
 To the bed of lasting sleep ;
 Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
 Night, where dawn shall never break,
 Till future life, future no more,
 To light and joy the good restore, }
 To light and joy unknown before. }

Stranger, go ! Heav'n be thy guide !
 Quod the beadsman of Nith-side.

ODE,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS ——— OF ———.

DWELLER in yon dungeon dark,
 Hangman of creation mark !
 Who in widow weeds appears,
 Laden with unhonour'd years,
 Noosing with care a bursting purse,
 Baited with many a deadly curse ?



Ye burnies, wimp

Or foaming strang

Mourn little harebe
Ye stately foxglove
Ye woodbines hang

In
Ye roses on your thc
Tl

At dawn, when ev'ry
Droops with a diamon
At e'en, when beans t
I' tl
Ye maukins whiddin ti
Com

Mourn. —

*ELEGY ON CAPT. MATTHEW
HENDERSON,*

A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD THE PATENT
FOR HIS HONOURS IMMEDIATELY FROM
ALMIGHTY GOD !

But now his radiant course is run,
For Matthew's course was bright ;
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless heav'nly light.

O DEATH ! thou tyrant fell and bloody !
The meikle deevil wi' a woodie
Hauri thee hame to his black smiddie,
O'er hurcheon hides,
And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
Wi' thy auld sides !

He's gane, he's gane ! he's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born !
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn
By wood and wild,
Where, haply, pity strays forlorn,
Fras man exil'd.

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
That proudly cock your cresting cairns !
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns,
Where echo slumbers !

... over the naked world declai
The worth we

Mourn him, thou sun, great sourc
Mourn, empress of the silent nigh
And you, ye twinkling starnies br.
My Matthew m
For through your orbs he's ta'en h
Ne'er to return.

O *Henderson* ! the man ! the brotl
And art thou gone, and gone for ev
And hast thou crost that unknown r
Life's dreary bou
Like thee, where shall I find anothe
The world around

Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Gre
In a' the tinsel trash o' state !
But by thy honest turf I'll wait.

common tale o' grief,
 atthew was a great man.
 common merit hast,
 an'd at fortune's door, man ;
 pity hither cast,
 atthew was a poor man.

noble sodger art,
 usset by this grave, man,
 oulders here a gallant heart ;
 atthew was a brave man.
 men, their works and ways,
 brow uncommon light, man ;
 wha weel had won thy praise,
 atthew was a bright man.

friendship's sacred ca',
 e itself resign, man ;
 pathetic tear maun fa',
 atthew was a kin' man !
 t staunch without a stain,
 e unchanging blue, man ;
 a kinsman o' thy ain,
 atthew was a true man.

st wit, and fun, and fire,
 'er gude wine did fear, man ;
 thy billie, dam, and sire,
 atthew was a queer man.
 niggish, whinging sot,
 me poor Matthew dare, man ;
 l and sorrow be his lot,
 atthew was a rare man.

EMS.

Y QUEE

OF SPRING

le green

isies white,

stal streams

ry wight

ry morn,

w'r,



o Queen of a' Scotland,
lie in prison strang.

o Queen o' bonnie France,
happy I has been ;
ly raise I in the morn,
the lay down at e'en :
the sovereign of Scotland,
say a traitor there ;
I lie in foreign bands,
ever ending care.

Woe thee, thou false woman,
star and my face,
agony, yet, shall what a sword
thro' thy soul shall gae :
giving blood in woman's breast
never known to thee ;
balm that drape on wounds of woe
woman's pitying ee.

O my son! may kinder stars
thy fortune shine ;
O those pleasures gild thy reign,
ne'er wad blink on mine !
O p' thee frae thy mother's face,
O in their hearts to thee :
ere thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
O mber him for me !

O, to me, may summer-suns
hair light up the morn !

Bloom on my peaceful grave.

TO ROBERT GRAHAM

OF FINTRA.

LATE crippl'd of an arm, and now a
About to beg a *pass* for leave to beg
Dull, listless, teas'd, dejected, and
(Nature is adverse to a cripple's res
Will generous *Graham* list to his P
(It soothes poor Misery, hearkening
And hear him curse the light he fir
And doubly curse the luckless rhymi
 Thou, Nature, partial Nature, I
Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
The lion and the bull thy care have
One shakes the forests, and one spurn

Ev'n silly woman has her warlike arts,
Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.

But oh! thou bitter step-mother and hard,
To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard!
A thing unteachable in world's skill,
And half an idiot too, more helpless still
No heels to bear him from the opening dun;
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun;
No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
And those, alas! not Amalthea's horn:
No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur,
Clad in rich dainties, comfortable fur.
In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
He bears th' unbroken blast from ev'ry side:
Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart,
And scorpion critics cureless venom dart.

Critics—appall'd, I venture on the name,
Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame:
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monros;
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.

His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung,
By blockhead's daring into madness stung;
His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear:
Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd, in th' unequal strife,
The hapless Post flounders on thro' life.
Till fled each hope that once his bosom fir'd,
And fled each Muse that glorious once inspir'd,
[Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
Dead, even resentment, for his injur'd page,
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's
rage!

Thy sons ne'er madden in the mere
Of Fortane's polar frost, or torrid
If mantling high she fills the golde
With sober selfish ease they sip it
Conscious the bounteous meed they
They only wonder "some folks"
The grave sage hern thus easy pic
And thinks the mallard a sad wort
When disappointment snaps the cl
And thro' disastrous night they da
With deaf endurance sluggishly t
And just conclude, that "fools are
So, heavy, passive to the tempest'
Strong on the sign-post stands th
Not so the idle muses' mad-cap
Not such the workings of their moo
In equanimity they never dwell,
By turns in soaring heaven, or va
I dread thee, Fate, relentless a
With all a poet's, husband's, fath

Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown,
 And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down !
 May *bliss domestic* smooth his private path,
 Give energy to life, and soothe his latest breath }
 With many a filial tear circling the bed of death ! }

LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL
 OF GLENCAIRN.

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
 By fits the sun's departing beam
 Look'd on the fading yellow woods
 That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream :
 Beneath a craigy steep, a bard,
 Laden with years and meikle pain,
 In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
 Whom death had all untimely taen.

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
 Whose trunk was mould'ring down wi' years ;
 His locks were bleached white wi' time,
 His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears ;
 And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
 And as he tun'd his doleful sang,
 The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
 To echo bore the notes along.

“ Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,
 The reliques of the vernal quire !
 Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
 The honours of the aged year !

“ I am a bending, aged tree,
That long has stood the wind and rain ;
But now has come a cruel blast,
And my last hold of earth is gane ;
Nae leaf o’ mine shall greet the spring,
Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom ;
But I maun lie before the storm,
And ithers plant them in my room.

“ I’ve seen sae mony changefu’ years,
On earth I am a stranger grown ;
I wander in the ways of men,
Alike unknowing and unknown :
Unheard, unpitied, unreliev’d,
I bear alane my lade o’ care,
For silent, low, on beds of dust,
Lie a’ that would my sorrows share.

“ And last, (the sum of a’ my griefs !)
My noble master lies in clay ;

“ Awake thy last sad voice, my harp !
 The voice of woe and wild despair !
 Awake, resound thy latest lay,
 Then sleep in silence ever mair !
 And thou, my last, best, only friend,
 That fillest an untimely tomb,
 Accept this tribute from the bard
 Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom.

“ In poverty's low barren vale,
 Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round ;
 Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
 Nae ray of fame was to be found ;
 Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
 That melts the fogs in limpid air,
 The friendless bard and rustic song,
 Became alike thy fostering care.

“ O ! why has worth so short a date,
 While villians ripen grey with time ?
 Must thou, the noble, gen'rous, great,
 Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime ?
 Why did I live to see that day ?
 A day to me so full of woe !
 O ! had I met the mortal shaft
 Which laid my benefactor low !

“ The bridegroom may forget the bride
 Was made his wedded wife yestreen ;
 The monarch may forget the crown
 That on his head an hour has been ;

BURNS' POEMS.

ay forget the child
sae sweetly on her knee;
ber thee, Glencairn,
thou hast done for me!"

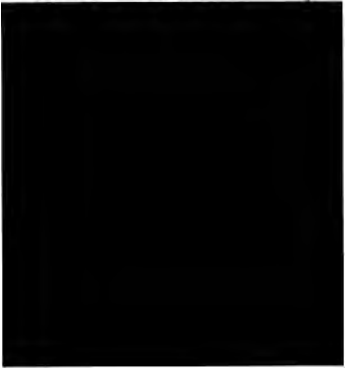
LINES

JOHN WHITEFORD *of Whiteford,*
Bart.

THE FOREGOING POEM.

y honour as thy God rever'st,
r *mind's reproach*, nought earthly

xive offering I impart,
bute of a broken heart.
u valued'st, I, the *patron*, lov'd;
i honour, all the world approv'd.
ill we too go as he has gone,
dreary path to that dark world un-



As market-days are wearin late,
 And fouk begin to tak the gate ;
 While we sit bousin at the sappy,
 And getting fou and unco happy,
 We think nae on the lang Scots miles,
 The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
 That lie between us and our hame,
 Whar sits our sulky sullen dame,
 Gatherin her brows like gatherin storms,
 Nursin her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest *Tam o' Shanter*,
 As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
 (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
 For honest men and bonnie lasses.)

Oh, *Tam* ! hadst thou but been sae wise,
 As taen thy ain wife *Kate's* advice !
 She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
 A bletherin, blusterin, drunken bellum ;
 That frae November till October,
 Ae market day thou was na sober ;
 That ilka medler wi' the miller,
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller ;
 That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
 The smith and thee gat roarin fou on ;
 That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
 She prophesied that, late or soon,
 Thou wad be found deep drown'd in Doon ;
 Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
 By *Alloway's* auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames ! it gars me greet,
 We think how mony counsels sweet,

... *... calling swats, th*
And at his elbow, Sout
His ancient, trusty, dr
Tam lo'ed him like a v
They had been fou for
The night drave on wi'
And aye the ale was gr
The landlady and *Tam*
Wi' favours, secret, sw
The souter tauld his qu
The landlord's laugh wi
The storm without migt
Tam didna mind the sto
Care, mad to see a ms
E'en drown'd himself an
As bees flee hame wi' la
The minutes wing'd thei
Kings may be blest, but
O'er a' the ills o' life vict
But pleasures are like

Nae man can tether time or tide ;
 The hour approaches *Tae* mann ride !
 That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
 That dreary hoer he mounts his beast in ;
 And sic a night he takes the road in,
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last ;
 The rattling showers rose on the blast ;
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd ;
 Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd ;
 That night a child might understand,
 The deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, *Meg*,
 A better never lifted leg,
Tae skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire ;
 Whiles hauding fast his gude blue bonnet ;
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet ;
 Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
 Lest bogles catch him unawares ;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
 Whare in the saaw the chapman smoor'd ;
 And past the birks and meikle stane,
 Whare drunken *Charlie* brak's neck-bane ;
 And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
 Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn ;
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,
 Whare *Musage's* mither hang'd hersel.—
 Before him Doon pours all his floods ;
 The doubling storm roars through the woods ;

Inspiring bold *John Barleycorn* :
What dangers thou canst make us scorn
Wi' tippeny wi' fear nae evil ;
Wi' usquabae we'll face the deevil !—
The swats sae ream'd in *Tammie's* nodd
Fair play, he car'd na deils a bodle.
But *Maggie* stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light ;
And, vow ! *Tam* saw an unco sight !
Warlocks and witches in a dance ;
Nae cotillion brent new frae *France*,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld *Nick* in shape o' beast ;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge :
He screw'd the pipes and gart them alk
The roof and rafters a' did dirl.—

A murderer's banes in gibbet airns ;
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns ;
 A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape ;
 Five tomahawks, wi' blade red-rusted ;
 Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted ;
 A garter, which a babe had strangled ;
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
 The grey hairs yet stack to the heft ;
 Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
 Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As *Tamsie* glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious :
 The piper loud and louder blew ;
 The dancers quick and quicker flew ;
 They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
 'Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
 And coost her duddies to the wark,
 And linkit at it in her sark !

Now *Tam*, O *Tam* ! had thae been queans
 A' plump and strappin' in their teens ;
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
 Been snaw-white se'enteen hunder linnen !
 Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plash, o' gude blue hair,
 I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
 For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies !

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
 Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
 Lowpin; and flinging on a crummock,
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

And perish'd monie a bonnie boat,
And shook baith muckle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear ;)
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.—
Ah ! little kend thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee *Nannie*,
Wi' twa pund Scots, (twas a' her riches,
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches !

But here my muse her wing man cour ;
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r ;
To sing how *Nannie* lap and flang,
(A souple jade she was and strang,
And how *Tom* stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd ;
Even Satan glower'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main
'Till first he saw some witches

As open pussie's mortal foes,
 When, pop! she starts before their nose;
 As eager runs the market-crowd,
 When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud!
 So *Maggie* runs, the witches follow,
 Wi' monie an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, *Tam*! Ah, *Tam*! thou'lt get thy fairin!
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
 In vain thy *Kate* awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a wosfa' woman!
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, *Meg*,
 And win the key-stane* of the brig;
 There at tham thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they darena cross.
 But ere the key-stane she could make,
 The fiend a tail she had to shake!
 For *Nansie*, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble *Maggie* prest,
 And flew at *Tam* wi' furious ettle;
 But little wist she *Maggie's* mettle—
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,
 But left behind her ain grey tail:
 The carlin claught her by the rump,
 And left poor *Maggie* scarce a stump.

* It is a well known fact, that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream.—It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with bogies, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.

... ye may buy the joys o'er
Remember Tam o' Shanter's man

**ON SEEING A WOUNDED
LIMP BY ME,**

WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST

INHUMAN man ! curse on thy barb
And blasted be thy murder-aimin
May never pity soothe thee with
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel h

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood
The bitter little that of life remain
No more the thickening brakes,
 plains,

To thee shall home, or food, or past

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of

*ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF
THOMSON,*

ON CROWNING HIS BUST AT EDNAM,
ROXBURGHSHIRE, WITH BAYS.

While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Eolian strains between :

While Summer with a matron grace
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade :

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed :

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or, sweeping, wild, a waste of snows :

So long, sweet poet of the year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won ;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.

TIONS THRO

COLLECTING TE

THAT

HEAR, Land o' Cakes

Frae Maidenkirk to J.

If there's a hole in a' :

I re

A chield's among you,

And

If in your bounds ye ch

Upon a fine, fat, fedge!

O' stature short, but g

Tha

And wow ! he has an t

O' c

By some auld, boulet-h

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or cham'er,
 Ye gipsey-gang that deal in glamor,
 And you deep-read in hell's black grammar,
 Warlocks and witches ;
 Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
 Ye midnight b—es.

Its tauld he was a sodger braid,
 And ans wad rather fa'n than fled ;
 But now he's quat the spurtle-blade,
 And dog-skin wallet,
 And ta'en the—*Antiquarian trade*,
 I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-backets :
 Rusty aira caps and jingling jackets*,
 Wad hand the Lothians three in tackets,
 A towmond gude ;
 And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
 Before the Flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder ;
 Auld Tabal-Cain's fire-shool and fender ;
 That which distinguished the gender
 O' Balaam's ass ;
 A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,
 Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye, he'll shape you aff fu' gleg
 The cut of Adam's philibeg ;
 The knife that nicked Abel's craig
 He'll prove you fully,

* Vide his Treatise on ancient armour and weapons.

wad ye see him in his glee,
meikle glee and fun has he,
en set him down, and twa or three
Gude fellows wi' him ;
port, O port ! shine thou a wee,
And then ye'll see him !

w, by the pow'rs o' verse and prose !
ou art a dainty chield, O Grose !—
ae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
They sair misca' thee ;
take the rascal by the nose,
Wad say, Shame fa' thee.

TO MISS CRUIKSHANKS,

A VERY YOUNG LADY.

*written on the Blank Leaf of a Book, presented
to her by the Author.*

AUTEOUS rose-bud, young and gay,

Never, never reptile thief
 Riot on thy virgin leaf!
 Nor even Sol too fiercely view
 Thy bosom blushing still with dew!
 May'st thou long, sweet crimson gem,
 Richly deck thy native stem;
 Till some evening, sober, calm,
 Dropping dews, and breathing balm,
 While all around the woodland rings,
 And every bird thy requiem sings;
 Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,
 Shed thy dying honours round,
 And resign to parent earth
 The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

ON READING IN A NEWSPAPER,
THE DEATH OF JOHN M'LEOD,
ESQ.

BROTHER TO A YOUNG LADY, A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S.

SAD thy tale, thou idle page,
 And rueful thy alarms:
 Death tears the brother of her love
 From Isabella's arms.
 Sweetly deckt with pearly dew,
 The morning rose may blow;
 But cold successive noontide blasts
 May lay its beauties low.

That nature finest stri
So Isabella's heart was f
And so that heart w

Dread Omnipotence, alon
Can heal the wound he
Can point the brimful gris
To scenes beyond the g
Virtue's blossoms there sh
And fear no withering b
There Isabella's spotless w
Shall happy be at last.

*THE HUMBLE PE
BRUAR WA*

TO THE NOBLE DUKE
My Lord, I know. you will

Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
And drink my crystal tide.

The lightly-jumping glowing trout,
That thro' my waters play,
If, in their random, wanton spouts,
They near the margin stray :
If, hapless chance ! they linger lang,
I'm scorching up so shallow,
They're left the whitening stanes amang,
In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
As Poet Burns came by,
That, to a bard I should be seen
Wi' hauf my channel dry :
A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
Ev'n as I was he shor'd me ;
But had I in my glory been,
He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I ria ;
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild-roaring o'er a linn :
Enjoying large each spring and well
As Nature gave them me,
I am, altho' I say't mysel,
Worth gaun a mile to see.

Wad then my noble master please
To grant my highest wishes,

Return you tuneful thanks.

The sober lark, warbling wild,
Shall to the skies aspire ;
The gowdspink, music's gayest child,
Shall sweetly join the choir :
The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
The mavis mild and mellow ;
The robin pensive autumn cheer,
In all her locks of yellow.

This too, a covert shall ensure,
To shield them from the storm ;
And coward maukin sleep secure,
Low in her grassy form :
Here shall the shepherd mak his seat,
To weave his crown o' flow'rs ;
Or find a sheltering safe retreat,
From prone-descending show'rs.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
Some musing bard may stray,
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
And misty mountain grey ;
Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
Mild-chequering thro' the trees,
Rave to my darkly-dashing stream,
Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows' wat'ry bed !
Let fragrant birks, in woodbines drest,
My craggy cliffs adorn ;
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embow'ring thorn.

So may old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band,
Spring, like their fathers, up to-prop
Their honour'd native land !
So may, thro' Albion's farthest ken,
To social flowing glasses,
The grace be—' Athole's honest men,
' And Athole's bonnie lasses !'

IN LOCH-TURKIE ;

A wild Scene among the Hills of Oughter.

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry haunt forsake ?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly ?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties ?—
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free :
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave ;
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.
Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.
Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below :
— himself in Freedom's pride,

Glories in his heart human—
 And creatures for his pleasure slain.
 In these savage, liquid plains,
 Only known to wand'ring swains,
 Where the mossy riv'let strays,
 Far from human haunts and ways ;
 All on Nature you depend,
 And life's poor season peaceful spend—
 Or, if man's superior might,
 Dare invade your native right,
 On the lofty ether borne,
 Man with all his pow'rs you scorn ;
 Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
 Other lakes and other springs ;
 And the foe you cannot brave,
 Scorn at least to be his slave.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL,

OVER THE CHIMNEY-PIECE OF THE INN
 AT KENMURE, TAYMOUTH.

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
 These northern scenes with weary feet I trace ;
 O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
 Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
 My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
 'Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view.—
 The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
 The woods, wild-scatter'd, clothe their ample sides ;
 Th' outstretching lake, embosom'd 'mong the hills,
 The eye with wonder and amazement fills ;

NS' POEMS.

g sweet in infant pride,
his verdant side ;
g'd in Nature native taste
Nature's careless haste ;

'er the new-born stream ;
; in the noontide beam—

* * * * *

bosom swell,
re hermit's mossy cell :
; of hanging woods ;
headlong tumbling floods—

* * * * *

like her heaven-taught lyre,
are with creative fire ;
of fate half reconcil'd,
l steps might wander wild ;
in these lonely bounds,
er bitter rankling wounds :
of might heav'nward stretch

ret and pardon man



'Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where thro' a shapeless breach his stream re-
sounds.

As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep-recoiling surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whit'ning sheet descends,
And viewless echo's ear astonish'd rends.
Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless
showers,

The hoary cavern, wide surrounding, lowers.
Still thro' the gap, the struggling river toils,
And still, below, the horrid cauldron boils—

• • • • •

*ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHU-
MOUS CHILD,*

**BORN IN PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES
OF FAMILY DISTRESS.**

SWEET floweret, pledge o' meikle love,
And ward o' mony a pray'r,
What heart o' stane wad thou na' move,
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair.
NOVEMBER hirples o'er the lea,
Chill, on thy lovely form ;
And gane, alas ! the sheltering tree,
Should shield thee frae the storm.

May He who gies the rain to pour,
And wings the blast to blaw,

POEMS.

driving snow,
snow.
of woe and want,
various stounds,
in mother plant,
I wounds.

h'd, rooted fast,
ner morn ;
she in the blast,
forlorn.
n, thou lovely gem,
offian hand !
any a parent stem
our hand.

EPISTLE TO DAVIE,
BROTHER POET *.

And

Sic

For m
Rivin
Whyk

And why

Of a' the the
Commend m

BURNS' POEMS.

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle;
Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle,
To chear you thro' the weary widdle

O' war'ly cares,
'Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
Your auld, gray hairs.

But DAVID, lad, I'm red ye're glaikit;
I'm tauld the Muse ye hae neglectit;
And gif its sae, ye sud be lickit

Until ye fyke;
Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit,
Be hain't wha like.

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,
Rivin the words to gar them clink;
Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink,

Wi' jads or masons;
And whyles, but sy owre late, I think
Braw sober lessons.

's' the thoughtless sense o' man,
Commend me to the Bardie clan;
cept it be some idle plan

O' rhymin' clink,
devil-hast, that I sud ban,
They ever think.

hought; nae view, nae scheme o' livin',
ares to gie us joy or grievin':
st the pouchie put the nieve in,

And while ought's there,
L 2

At name, a-ma, a-ma,

The Muse, poor hizzie
Tho' rough and raploch be her measure,
She's seldom lazy.

Haud to the Muse, my dainty Davie :
The warl' may play you monie a shavie ;
But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,
Tho' e'er sae puir,
Na, even tho' limpin wi' the spavie
Frae door to door.

EPITAPHS.

ON A CELEBRATED RULING
HERE sowter Will in death does sleep
To h-ll, if he's gane thither,

ON WEE JOHNNY.

HIC JACET WEE JOHNNY. .

WHOS'ER thou art, O reader know,
That Death has murder'd Johnny !
And here his body lies fu' low——
For *saw* he ne'er had ony.

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O YE whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious reverence, and attend !
Here lie the loving Husband's dear remains,
The tender Father, and the generous Friend.
The pitying heart that felt for human woe !
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride !
The friend of man, to Vice alone a foe,
' For ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's side.'

FOR ROBERT AITKEN, Esq.

KNOW thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much lov'd, much honour'd name !
(For none that know him need be told)
A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold.

FOR GAVIN HAMILTON, Esq.

THE poor man weeps—here *Gavin* sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blam'd ;
But with *such-as he*, where'er he be,
May I be *sav'd* or *d——d* !

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,

Who, noteless, scans the scene
That weekly this area throng,
O, pass not by !
But, with a frater-feeling strong,
Here heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave,
Here pause—and, thro' the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame,
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name.

SONGS.

JOHN BARLEYCORN*,

A BALLAD.

THERE was three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.
They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surpris'd them all.
The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel arra'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints, and drooping head,
Show'd he began to fail.

* This is partly composed on the plan of an old song known by the same name.

They've taen a weapon, long and sharp
And cut him by the knee :
Then ty'd him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.
They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore ;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.
They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe,
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wastod, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his banes ;

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
 Of noble enterprise,
 For if you do but taste his blood,
 'Twill make your courage rise.
 'Twill make a man forget his woe;
 'Twill heighten all his joy:
 'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
 Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn
 Each man a glass in hand;
 And may his great posterity
 Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

 A FRAGMENT.

TUNE—' *Gillicrankie.*'

WHEN *Guilford* gude our pilot stood,
 And did our helm thraw, man,
 Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
 Within *America* man:
 Then up they gat the maskin-pat,
 And in the sea did jaw, man;
 And did nae less, in fall Congress,
 Than quite refuse our law, man.

Then thro' the lakes *Montgomery* takes,
 I wat he was nae slaw, man;
 Down *Lowrie's Burn* he took a turn,
 And *Carleton* did ca' man:

Then *Rockingham* took up the game,
 Till death did on him ca', man ;
 When *Shelburne*, usock, held up his cheek,
 Conform to gospel law, man.
 Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
 They did his measures thrav, man,
 For *North* and *Fox* united stocks,
 And bore him to the wa', man.

Then clubs and hearts were *Charlie's* cartes,
 He swept the stakes awa', man,
 'Till the diamond's ace, of *Indian* race,
 Led him a sair *four pas*, man :
 The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
 On *Chatham's* boy did ca' man ;
 And Scotland drew her pipe and blew,
 ' Up, Willie, waur than a', man !'

Behind the throne then *Grenville's* gone,
 A secret word or twa, man ;
 While slee *Dundas* arous'd the class
 Be-north the Roman wa', man ;
 And *Chatham's* wraith, in heavenly graith,
 (Inspired bardies saw, man)
 Wi' kindling eyes cried, ' *Willie*, rise !
 ' Wad I hae fear'd them a', man ?'

But, word and blow, *North*, *Fox*, & *Co.*
 Gowf'd *Willie* like a be', man,
 'Till *Southron* raise, and oocst their class
 Behind him in a raw, man :

THE RIGS O' BARLEY.

It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie :
The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
'Till 'tween the late and early ;
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
To see me thro' the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly :
I set her down wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley :
I kend her heart was a' my ain ;
I lov'd her most sincerely ;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again

BURNS' POEMS.

5

But by the moon and stars sae bright
That shone that hour sae clearly !
She ay shall bless that happy night
Amang the rigs o' barley

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear ;
I hae been merry drinking ;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear ;
I hae been happy thinking :
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS.

Corn rigs, and barley rigs,
And corn rigs are bonnie :
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

SONG.

COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

TUNE—' *I had a Horse, I had nae mair.*'

Now westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns,
Bring Autumn's pleasant weather ;
The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
Amang the blooming heather :
Now wavin grain, wide o'er the plains,
Delights the weary farmer ;

The soaring hern the fountains :
Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves
The path of man to shun it ;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender ;
Some social join, and leagues combine ;
Some solitary wander :
Avaunt, away ! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion ;
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion !

But *Peggy* dear, the ev'ning's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow ;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow :
Come let us stray our gladsome way.

I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
 Swear how I love thee dearly:
 Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
 Not autumn to the farmer,
 So dear can be as thou to me,
 My fair, my lovely charmer!

SONG.

TUNE—*My Nannie, O.*

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar flows,
 'Mang moors and mosses many, O,
 The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
 And I'll awa to Nannie, O.
 The westlin wind blaws loud and shill;
 The night's baith mirk and rainy, O;
 But I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steed,
 And owre the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young;
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue,
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O.
 Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonnie, O;
 The opening gowds, wet wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
 And few there be that ken me, O;

My thoughts are a my

Our auld gudeman delights to view
His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O ;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
And has nae care but Nannie, O.
Come weel come woe, I carena by,
I'll tak what Heav'n will send me, O ;
Nae ither care in life hae I,
But live, and love my Nannie, O.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

A FRAGMENT.

THERE'S nought but care on ev'ry han'
In ev'ry hour that passes, O :
What signifies the life o' man,
And 'twere na for the lasses, O.

And tho' at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
 Green grow, &c.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
 My arms about my dearie, O ;
 And war'ly cares, and war'ly men,
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O !
 Green grow, &c.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O :
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
 He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O.
 Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O :
 Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
 And then she made the lasses, O.
 Green grow, &c.

SONG.

TUNE—' *Johnny's Grey Brecks.*'

AGAIN rejoicing Nature sees
 Her robe assume its vernal hues,
 Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
 All freshly steep'd in morning dews.
 And maun I still on Menie doat,
 And bear the scorn that's in her ee ?

In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing,
And maun I still, &c.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tautie seedsman stalks,
But life to me's a weary dream,
A dream of aye that never wauks.
And maun I still, &c.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Among the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And every thing is blest but I.
And maun I still, &c.

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
And owre the moorlands whistles shill,
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step,
I meet him on the dewy hill.

Come Winter, with thine angry howl,
 And raging bend the naked tree ;
 Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
 When nature all is sad like me !
 And man I still, &c.

 SONG.

TUNE—' *Roan's Castle*.'

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
 Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
 You murky cloud is foul with rain,
 I see it driving o'er the plain :
 The hunter now has left the moor,
 The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
 While here I wander, prest with care,
 Along the lonely banks of *Ayr*.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn,
 By early Winter's ravage torn ;
 Across her placid, azure sky,
 She sees the scowling tempests fly :
 Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
 I think upon the stormy wave,
 Where many a danger I must dare,
 Far from the bonnie banks of *Ayr*.

'Tis not the surging billows' roar,
 'Tis not that fatal deadly shore ;
 Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
 The wretched have no more to fear :

Farewell, old *Costa's* hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales ;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves !
Farewell, my friends ! farewell my foes !
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell the bonnie banks of *Ayr* !

SONG.

TUNE—' *Gildercroy.*'

FROM thee, *Elisa*, I must go,
And from my native shore ;
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar :
But boundless oceans roaring wide,
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide

That thro', *Elias*, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh!

THE FAREWELL

TO THE BRETHREN OF ST JAMES'S LODGE,
TARBOLTON.

TUNE—' *Good Night, and Joy be wi' you a'!*'

ADIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the *mystic* tie!
Ye favour'd, ye *enlighten'd* few,
Companions of my social joy!
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's *slid'ry* ha',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful, festive night;
Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the *sons of light*:
And by that *hieroglyphic* bright,
Which none but *craftsmen* ever saw!
Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa'.

May freedom, harmony, and love,
Unite you in the *grand design*,
Beneath th' omniscient eye above,
The glorious *architect* divine!

—~~—~~ you, farewell ! whose merits claim,
Justly, that *highest badge* to wear !
Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble name
To *Masonry* and *Scotia* dear !
A last request, permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One round, I ask it with a tear,
To him, the *HARD*, that's far awa.

SONG.

TUNE—' *Prepare, my dear Brethren,
Tavern let's fly.*'

No churchman am I for to rail and to wr
No statesman or soldier to plot or to figh
No sly man of business contriving a snar
For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of m.



But see you the *crown* how it waves in the air,
There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly:
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make;
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;
But the pury old landlord just waddled up stairs,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

• Life's cares they are comforts^{er}—a maxim laid
down
By the bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the
black gown:
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair;
For a big-belly'd bottle's a heaven of care.

A Stanza added in a Mason Lodge.

Then fill up a bumper, and make it o'erflow,
And honours masonic prepare for to throw;
May every true brother of the compass and square,
Have a big-belly'd bottle when harass'd with care.

• Young's Night Thoughts.

WHEN lyart leaves bestrew the yird,
Or, wavering like the bauckie * bird,
Bedim cauld Boreas' blast :
When hailstones drive wi' bitter skyte,
And infant frosts begin to bite,
In hoary cranrough drest ;
Ae night, at e'en, a merry core
O' randie gangrel bodies,
In Poesie-Nansie's held the splore,
To drink their orra duddies ;
Wi' quaffing and laughing,
They ranted and they sang ;
Wi' jumping and thumping
The vera girdle rang.

First, neist the fire, in auld red rags,
Ane sat, weel brac'd wi' mealy bags,
And knapsack a' in order ;
His doxy lay within his arm,
Wi' usquebae and blankets warm

Ilk smack still, did crack still,
 Just like a cadger's whup,
 Then staggering, and swaggering,
 He roar'd this ditty up—

AIR.


TUNE—'Soldier's Joy.'

I AM a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,
 And show my cuts and scars wherever I come;
 This here was for a wench, and that other in a
 trench,
 When welcoming the French at the sound of the
 drum. Lal de daudle, &c.

My 'prentiship I past where my leader breath'd
 his last,
 When the bloody die was cast on the heights of
 Abram;
 I serv'd out my trade when the gallant game was
 play'd,
 And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the
 drum. Lal de daudle, &c.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating bat-
 t'ries,
 And there I left for witnesses an arm and a limb;
 Yet let my country need me, with Elliott to head
 me,
 I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of the drum.
 Lal de daudle, &c.

M



As when I us'd in scarlet to

What tho' with hoary lock
windy shocks,
Beneath the woods and rock
home ;
When the tother bag I sell, I
tell,
I could meet a troop of hell a
drum. L

RECITATIVO.

He ended ; and the kebar
Aboon the chorus' roar ;
While frighted rattans bend
And seek the benmost bend
A fairy fiddler frae the new
He skirl'd out enow !

AIR.

TUNE—' *Soldier Laddie.*'

I ONCE was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,
 And still my delight is in proper young men;
 Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,
 No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,
 To rattle the thundering drum was his trade;
 His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so ruddy,
 Transported I was with my sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,
 So the sword I forsook for the sake of the church,
 He ventur'd the soul, I risked the body,
 'Twas then I prov'd false to my sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified sot,
 The regiment at large for a husband I got;
 From the gilded spontoon to the fife I was ready,
 I asked no more but a sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair,
 Till I meet my old boy at a Cunningham fair,

M 2

And still I can join in a cup or a song ;
But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass
steady,
Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Poor Merry Andrew, in the neuk,
Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler hizzie ;
They mind't na wha the chorus took,
Between themselves they were sae bizzzy ;
At length, wi' drink and courting dizzy,
He stoiter'd up and made a face ;
Then turn'd and laid a smack on Grizzy,
Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace.

AIR.

TUNE—' *Auld Sir Symon.*'

I fear I my talent mistook ;
 But what will ye hae of a fool ?

For drink I wad venture my neck ;
 A hizzie's the hauf o' my craft ;
 But what could ye other expect
 Of ane that's avowedly daft.

I ance was ty'd up like a stirk,
 For civilly swearing and quaffing ;
 I ance was abus'd i' the kirk
 For towzling a lass i' my daffin.

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport,
 Let naebody name wi' a jeer ;
 There's ev'n, I'm tauld, i' the court,
 A tumbler ca'd the Premier.

Observ'd ye, yon reverend lad
 Maks faces to tickle the mob ;
 He rails at our mountebank squad ;
 It's rivalship just i' the job.

And now my conclusion I'll tell,
 For faith I'm confoundedly dry,
 The chiel that's a fool for himsel',
 Gude L—d, is far dafter than I.

RECITATIVO.

Then niest outspak a raucle carlin,
 The kent fu' weel to cleeck the sterling,

POEMS.

and hooked,
been ducked;
Highland laddie,
'woodie!
thus began
Highlandman:
R.

ere dead, Gudeman,
e was born,
ld in scorn;
o his clan,
Highlandman.
vs.

John Highlandman!
ohn Highlandman!
all the lan'
ohn Highlandman.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,
 But ere the bud was on the tree,
 Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
 Embracing my John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &c.

But, oh ! they catch'd him at the last,
 And bound him in a dungeon fast ;
 My curse upon them every one,
 They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &c.

And now a widow, I must mourn
 The pleasures that will ne'er return ;
 No comfort but a hearty can,
 When I think on John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &c.

RECITATIVO.

A pigmy Scrapper wi' his fiddle,
 Wha us'd at trysts and fairs to driddle,
 Her strappin limb and gaucy middle
 (He reach'd nae higher,)
 Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle,
 And blawn't on fire.

Wi' hand on haunch, and upward ee,
 He croon'd his gamut, ane, twa, three,
 Then, in an *Arioso* key,
 The wee Apollo
 Set aff, wi' *Allegretto* glee,
 His *giga solo*,

BURNS' POEMS.

AIR.

—' *Whistle o'er the Lave o't.*

up to dight that tear,
ie and be my dear,
ir every care and fear
le owre the lave o't.

CHORUS.

idler to my trade,
he tunes that e'er I play'd,
rest still to wife or maid,
whistle owre the lave o't.

weddings we'se be there,
nicely's we will fare ;
about, till Daddie Care
tle owre the lave o't.

I am, &c.



RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird,
 As weel as poor Gut-scaper ;
 He tak's the fiddler by the beard,
 And draws a roosty rapier—
 He swoor, by a' was swearing worth,
 To spit him like a pliver,
 Unless he wad from that time forth
 Relinquish her for ever.

Wi' ghastly ee, poor tweedle-dee
 Upon his hunkers bended,
 And pray'd for grace, wi' ruefu' face,
 And sae the quarrel ended.
 But tho' his little heart did grieve
 When round the tinker press'd her,
 He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve,
 When thus the Caird address'd her :

AIR.

TUNE—' *Clout the Cauldron.*'

MY bonny lass, I work in brass,
 A tinkler is my station ;
 I've travell'd round all Christian ground
 In this my occupation ;
 I've ta'en the gold, I've been enroll'd
 In many a noble squadron ;
 But vain they search'd, when off I march'd
 To go and clout the cauldron.



— by that stowp,
And by that dear
If e'er ye want, or
May I ne'er wat
A

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The Caird prevail'd—
In his embraces sui
Partly wi' love o'erco
And partly she was
Sir Violino, with an a
That show'd a man
Wish'd unison betwee
And made the bottle
To

But hurchin Cupid she
That play'd a dame
The fiddler

He hirpl'd up, and lap like daft,
 And shor'd them Dainty Davis
 O boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade
 As ever Bacchus listed,
 Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,
 His heart she ever miss'd it.
 He had nae wish, but—to be glad,
 Nor want—but when he thirsted ;
 He hated nought but—to be sad,
 And thus the Muse suggested
 His sang that night.

AIR.


TUNE—' *For a' that, and a' that.*

I AM a bard of no regard,
 Wi' gentlefolks, and a' that :
 But Homer-like, the glowran byke
 Frae town to town I draw that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, and a' that,
 And twice as meikle's a' that ;
 I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
 I've wife enough for a' that.

I never drank the Muses' stank,
 Castalia's burn, and a' that ;



Great love I bear to a
Their humble slave
But lordly Will; I hold
A mortal sin to draw
For

In raptures sweet, than
Wi' mutual love, and
But for how long the
Let inclination law
For

Their tricks and craft
They've ta'en me in
But clear your decks.
I like the jads for
For a' that, and
And twice as
My dearest blue
They're welcome

Then owre again, the jovial thrang,
 The poet did request,
 To lowse his pack, and wale a sang,
 A ballad o' the best ;
 He rising, rejoicing,
 Between his twa Deborahs,
 Looks round him, and found them
 Impatient for the chorus.

AIR.

TUNE—' *Jolly Mortals, fill your Glasses.*'

SEE the smoking bowl before us,
 Mark our jovial ragged ring ;
 Round and round take up the chorus,
 And in raptures let us sing :

CHORUS.

A fig for those by law protected !
 Liberty's a glorious feast !
 Courts for cowards were erected,
 Churches built to please the priest.

What is title ? what is treasure ?
 What is reputation's care ?
 If we lead a life of pleasure,
 'Tis no matter, how or where !
 A fig, &c.

With the ready trick and fable,
 Round we wander all the day ;

Does the country lighter rove ?
Thro' the country lighter rove ?
Does the sober bed of marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love ?
A fig, &c.

Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes ;
Let them cant about decorum
Who have characters to lose.
A fig, &c.

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets !
Here's to all the wandering train !
Here's our ragged brats and callets !
One and all cry out, Amen !
A fig, &c.

FINIS.



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